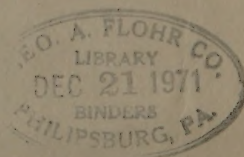


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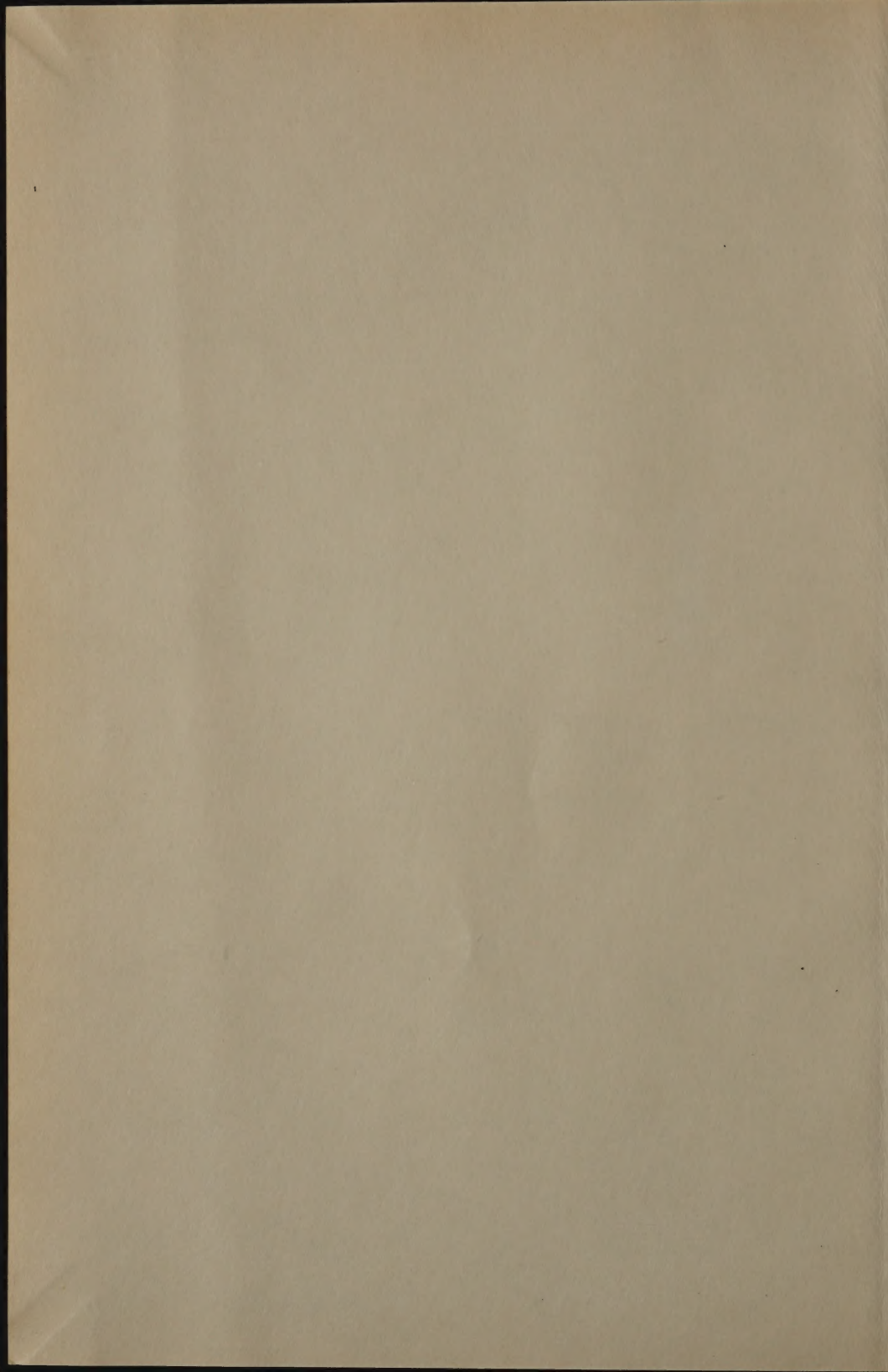
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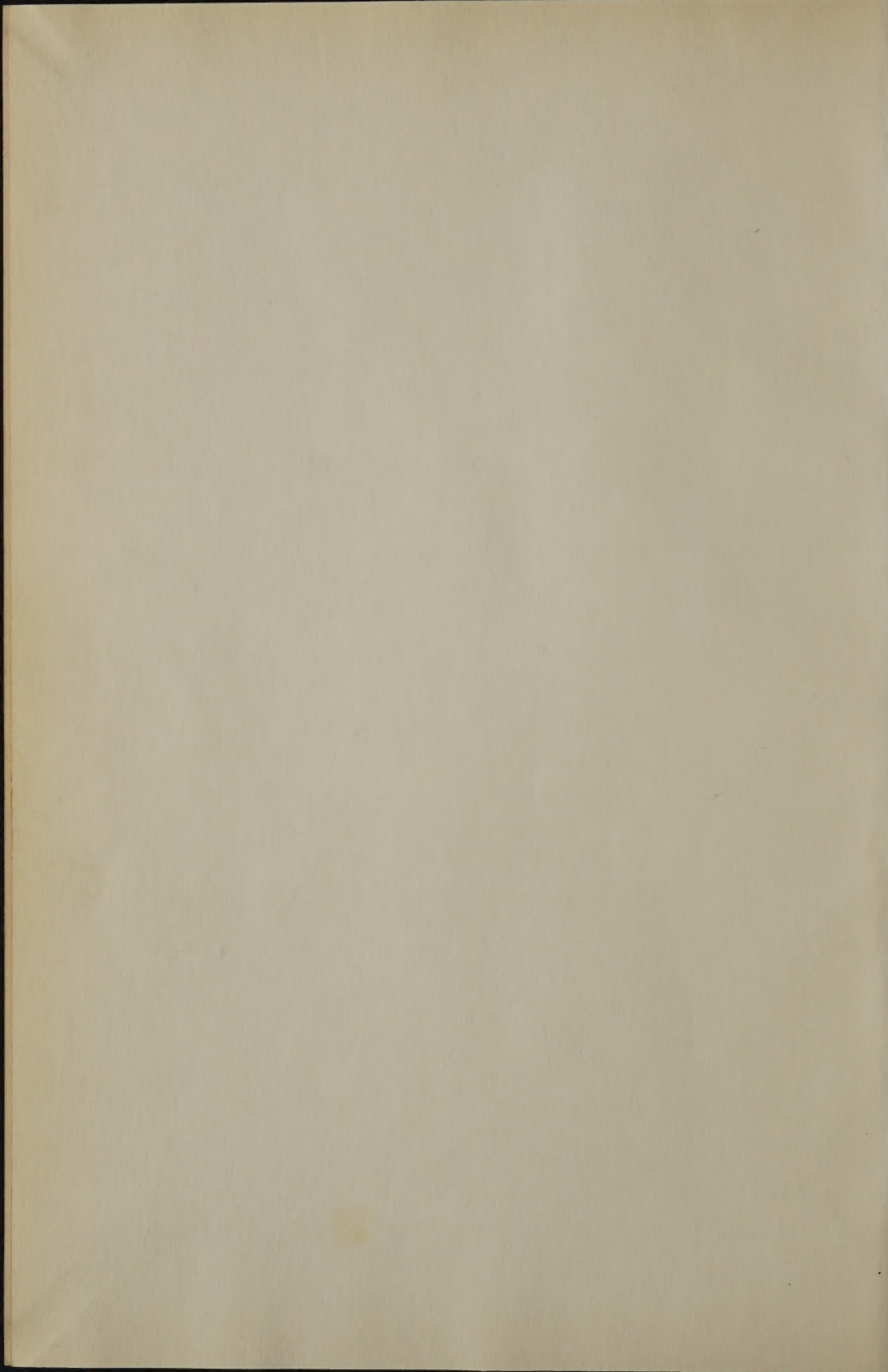
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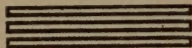
Recollections of By-Gone Days in The Cove

VOLUME 6

By Ella M. Snowberger

Originally Published In The
MORRISONS COVE HERALD

Printed and Distributed by
Morrison's Cove Herald
January 1, 1938
To Our Subscribers

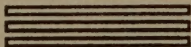


Over all America research in folk lore is turning the light of public attention on the culture that is passed. In Morrisons Cove we have an unusually rich heritage, related by those whose memories reach back into the days when our local history was being moulded. With rapt attention privileged children have long listened to these tales, but now they are made available to all Herald readers—preserved for the generations, after being recorded by Miss Snowberger and published by The Herald.

Miss Snowberger is descended on all family lines from pioneer settlers, so she is well fitted by reason of her Morrisons Cove ancestry to write the series of articles embraced in this, the sixth volume of "Recollections of Bygone Days in the Cove." By birth and family tradition the Cove inspires in her the warm affection which we reserve for the place we call home.

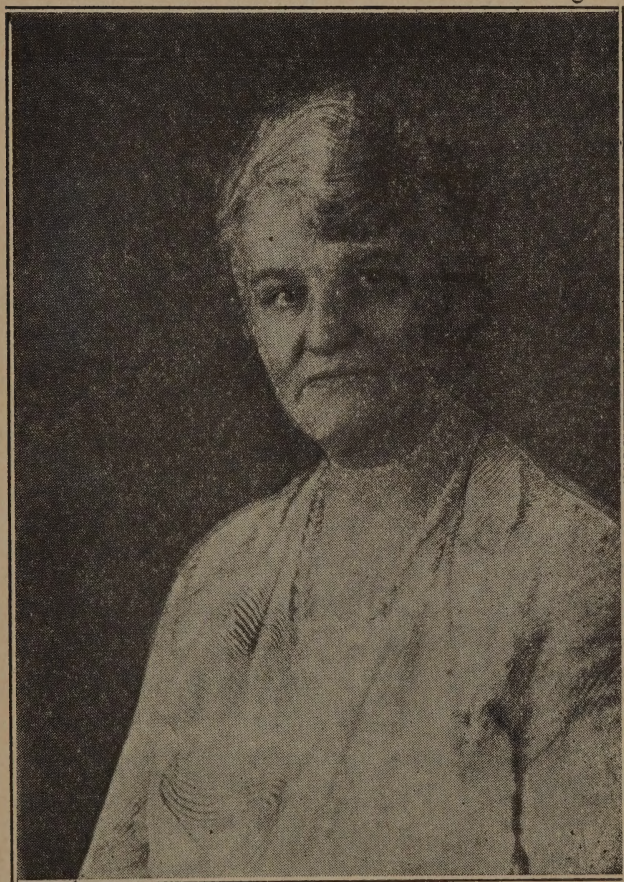
Miss Snowberger is employed in the office of the Register and Recorder of Blair County. Formerly she taught school and for a period of years was a newspaper reporter on the staff of The Altoona Times and The Tribune. Her residence is Curryville.

This year, the fiftieth after the incorporation of the Borough of Roaring Spring, it is fitting that some revealing information on the early days of this community be included. Samuel A. Hamilton, the first burgess of the borough, is the author of this material, found in this volume of "Recollections of Bygone Days In The Cove."



1832445

THE AUTHOR



ELLA M. SNOWBERGER

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FOREWORD

It is with pleasure that The Herald presents to its subscribers this, the sixth volume of "Recollections of Bygone Days In The Cove." Compiled from a popular weekly feature in The Herald, written by Miss Ella M. Snowberger, it is with a view toward the future that these excerpts of our local traditions are endowed by The Herald for its friends, with the permanency they deserve.

How much richer is life when our material environs are transformed from mere concrete inheritances of the past to respected monuments — dedicated to those men and women whose lives time has enriched. Their golden reflection warms us, thrills us, awes us in "Recollections Of Bygone Days In The Cove."

In retrospect and forward view are included the intangible tides of life in clear perspective; while the proximity of today's events obscures the ebb and flow. Bygone Days, then, presents those real-life activities of yesteryears that then were commonplace—now recollections valued for their true worth. From the clear-viewed heights of these written memories we see the sources of our rich endowment—the courage, the industry, the integrity that are the warp and proof of our heritage.

From our own mount of transfiguration we return to today, more appreciative, enriched, the better for our pleasant living in the Bygone Days of the Cove.

MORRISONS COVE HERALD,

ELMER C. AKE,

Publisher.

Loses Three Brothers In One Month

Barbara Ellen, standing on the porch at her home, cried bitterly.

Trudging along the road, with books and lunch baskets on their arms, she saw the Falknor, Kensirger, Brumbaugh, Hoover and Burket children going to school.

She wanted to go to school too. But there were two or three family washings to rub out on the washboard with each piece to be wrung by hand; pies to bake, cows to milk and the floors to scrub.

To Barbara Ellen, not yet twelve years old, school was a glorious place. It not only offered relief from endless tasks too hard for a little girl to do, but it provided the peerless boon of food for her hungry mind. The knowledge hidden between the lids of the sparse text books the limited finances of the neighborhood families supplied, was a treasure she craved with all her heart.

Had Small Chance For School

Every once in a while when one of the aunts or some other relative came to stay with Grandmother Burket, Barbara Ellen got a chance to go to school.

You see Grandmother Burket was paralyzed. She was a constant charge to the little girl. Day and night she waited tenderly on the helpless invalid, not complaining except that she regretted her lack of schooling.

Had anyone told her she would live to see the day when the laws of the country would forbid child labor, she would have been utterly astounded. Why, there was so much to do on the farm that the women folks never in the world could have got through without the children's help.

What with spinning, knitting, sewing by hand, churning, baking, leaching lye and boiling soap, occasionally splitting kindling and helping the

men to make hay, bird grain, hackle flax and load wheat, the children had to make a hand else there would have been a complete break down of the domestic machinery and the family finances would have gone on the rocks.

The philosophy of the times was opposed to the idea that the world owes you a living. You earned your bread by the sweat of your brow, with the sweating process drawn out from early morning until long after dark and continued from the time the boys got out of dresses into knee pants and the girls could see over the top of a dish pan from the elevation of a kitchen chair, until kind friends folded their hands over their breasts in preparation for the grave.

Is Now Aged Lady

Well, its a long time ago since Barbara Ellen, between the day's succession of hard tasks, cried to go to school. Day before next Christmas, she'll be eighty-four. Mrs. Barabara Ellen Kensirger, of Martinsburg, is living proof that neither work nor trouble kills anyone.

She was born at Millerstown, on December 24, 1852, having been the fourth child in the family of nine children of Joseph Wineland and Sussanna Burket Wineland. She came as a Christmas gift. Further than that Santa Claus forgot about her because he figured that anyone dowered with a disposition as sunny as hers, was equipped to triumph over all the trials of life without the encouragement of material things.

Mrs. Kensinger's keenest memories of her early life have to do with the Civil War. The anxiety of that grueling period put a mark on people that lived through it that never faded.

One thing that has always interested her was the effect the war had on

the habits of the folks of the Cove. In view of anticipated sky-rocketing of prices, such citizens as could afford it, bought webs of muslin and calico. Muslin was indispensable because the mer.'s shirts were made from it. Work shirts from the "yellow" muslin and Sunday shirts of fine,, white bleached muslin.

Garments Were Homemade

Unable to pay the high prices, the poor folks were forced to spin and weave cloth from home grown flax and wool. Before the war, there was a marked trend towards buying factory products. Farmers were becoming accustomed to saving the arduous labor necessary to making every stitch of the family wearing apparel in their own households out of the raw materials grown on the farm. They were learning to trade their farm crops for store goods.

The war put a back set to specialized industry by throwing mechanical progress in reverse. Once again all hands on the farm were put hard at it to make hickory pants and linsay-woolsey dresses out of flax from the field and the fleece of the sheep on the farm and boots and shoes out of beef hides taken to the nearest tannery to be cured.

Machine production temporarily stepped back to give place to hand labor. Once again women added longer and more burdensome hours to their working days.

Jimmy Kensinger was playing war. It was February, 1891. The boys of the Millerstown school played the game of war with such abandon that Jimmy, strong, healthy boy of ten that he was, became so overheated with violent exertion, that he sat down on the playground to cool off.

That night he became ill. Rapidly his condition grew alarming. The attending physician, gravely shaking his head, diagnosed the malady as diphtheria and membranous croup.

With fever mounting and swollen throat almost closed, the sick boy on election day, February 11, 1891, from his bed by the window watched the men of the neighborhood riding by on horse back on their way to Martinsburg to vote. That night he died.

Three of his brothers, Lewis William, aged seventeen; George Elvin, fourteen, and Jesse Calvert contracted the disease, all three dying within a few days of each other. Jesse died on March 8, 1891 and George on the following day. Both boys were buried on the same day.

Asked to be Baptized

Lewis, who had measles in addition to the diphtheria and membranous croup, died on March 11. Just before his death, in response to his request, he was carried to the meadow and baptized in the stream flowing through it.

Mrs. Barbara Ellen Kensinger, mother of the boys, although the suppers and suffering she endured during that heart breaking period still is poignant, yet is happy in her memories of her four winsome boys that never grew up.

Wearing a white sprigged dress she had made herself, Barbara Ellen Winelard and James D. Kensinger, son of Lewis and Mary Kensinger, were married at the bride's home, September 4, 1870. Elder George W. Brumbaugh, well known minister of the Church of the Brethren, performed the ceremony.

It was well for their peace of mind that the happy young couple could have no foreshadowing of those four graves in the burial ground on the old Kensinger mansion farm, now occupied by Ralph Brumbaugh and his family.

Of the ten children born to them, only four survive. They are Joseph Edgar, Henry Clay (Harry) and John Ira Kensinger, all of Altoona, and Mrs. Susannah Mary Harding.

wife of William B. Harding, of Martinsburg, with whom Mrs. Kensinger makes her home.

Besides the four white marble headstones that mark the graves of the juvenile victims of diphtheria are those inscribed with the names of Mary Florence and David, who died in infancy.

Graves Marked With Flagstones

The bereaved parents did not get the markers from Uncle John Hoover. Uncle John, among the many other trades at which he was proficient was a stone cutter. In the old days he used to dress flat lime stone slabs for headstones. Carving the names and dates of the deceased, he painted the lettering black. The black letters stood out distinctly, weathering the elements for many years.

The stones were taken from a quarry on the Falknor farm near Millersstown. It was the only quarry of the kind in the district. The stone lay in sheets between strata of shale. For many years a flourishing business was carried on to supply the demand for flag stones.

A crew of men was employed regularly to dig the stone while Uncle John Hoover acted as chief stone cutter. The flagstones were hauled to Martinsburg to be laid for side walks. Before the advent of concrete paving, virtually all the side walks in town were constructed of flagstones from the Falknor quarry.

Then too, flagstone walks were a characteristic on the lawns or yards of the farmers thereabouts. In fact, there were many other uses to which these fine quality blue limestone were put. Little Barbara Wineland could do a pretty good job of stone cutting herself. When she was in need of new crock lids she went to the quarry and, imitating Uncle John's procedure, hammered the pieces of stone into the proper squares and lo, when they were thoroughly scrubbed, better

crock lids would have been hard to find.

Father and Son Both Uncles

Here is a conundrum for you. John Hoover, the stone cutter, was Barbara Ellen's uncle and so also was his father, Jacob Hoover. Father and son both were her uncles. Can you make that one out?

It worked out like this. Uncle Jake was married to Barbara Ellen's father's sister, Catherine, and Uncle John was married to Mother Wineland's sister, Catherine Burket. Therefore Uncle Jake's wife was Barbara Ellen's aunt Kate and Uncle John's wife was her Aunt Kate, too.

Another curiosity was green pink. Likely the readers of this sketch never heard of such a combination as green pink. Mrs. Kensinger gives an explanation of it that is so comical, it makes her laugh every time she thinks of it.

Mrs. Kensinger says, "When I was a little girl, pap lived in a log house that stood on the corner in Fredericksburg where Garner's store is. He worked in George W. Brumbaugh's blacksmith shop which was near the spring.

"The Farmer's Store was across the street from pap's house. One day a woman customer asked the clerk to show her some pink dress material. The clerk, not finding the wanted shade, threw a web of green goods on the counter, remarking, 'Here's a piece of green pink.'"

Mrs. Kensinger stated that her father was an expert hunter. She recalls that one winter he shot nine deer on Sandy Ridge.

Amusements Were Rare

Outside of church and Sunday school, there was little social life in the community. However, Mr. Wineland made two great occasions possible to little Barbara Ellen. He took her to the show twice. The show, of course, was a travelling circus. The

big top each time was pitched on one of the two show grounds in Martinsburg.

Once on the commons along the creek in the vicinity of the Jacob Greaser property and the other time on the commons where the present Floyd Bush property is. The star attraction of the show was Annie Robinson, the famous bare back rider. The rural folks were vastly interested in the beautiful milk white trained horses and the feats of the riders.

Mrs. Barbara Ellen Kersinger and her family were making a sad journey. They were taking the body of James D. Kersinger from his late home at Llyswen to be laid besides his children in the private graveyard on the old Kersinger farm.

He had died on Friday, September 9, 1910. The funeral was to be held the following Sunday in the Millers-town Reformed church. The widow and the children traveled on the Henrietta Branch train. The body of husband and father was in the baggage car ahead. Old friends had sent word that they would have vehicles at Page station to convey the bereaved family and the others with them to the church on a nearby hill.

When the sorrowful party arrived at their destination, they looked toward the hill but the church had disappeared. Lightning had struck it the night before and it was burned to the ground. The folks in the funeral party had not been apprized of this startling occurrence until after they had boarded the train.

Service Held At Cross Roads

The funeral service, however, was held at the time scheduled but in pursuance of arrangements made prior to the arrival of the train, the cortege proceeded to the Diehl Cross Roads Church of the Brethren.

During the greater part of their married life, Mr. and Mrs. Kersinger had lived on farms in the vicinity of

Millerstowr, moving to Llyswen when Mr. Kersinger's health became impaired.

A favorite song in Mrs. Kersinger's younger days propounded in rollicking measure the question, "Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy boy?" There was no need of young James D. Kersinger making inquiry among the neighbors as to whether the girl of his choice could bake a cherry pie. She could bake a cherry pie or any other kind of pie or loaf of bread before she was twelve years old.

Mr. Kersinger was taking no leap into the dark. Although his bride was only eighteen, he did not have to go through a preliminary siege of dyspepsia while his wife subjected him to experimental cooking.

There was no phase of housekeeping in which she was not efficiently trained. If there was one particular thing in which she excelled, it was sewing. She had been taught to sew a fine seam when she was a little girl. The real test of proficiency in sewing by hand was the fine back stitching used on the collars and wrist bands of men's shirts.

Back Stitching Was Test

Any experienced sewer could tell by a glance at the evenness of the back stitching whether a girl was making false pretenses or whether she could back up her assertions with the real thing.

Aunt Katy Hoover played a joke on Barbara Ellen when the latter first learned to back stitch. Aunt Katy gave her a white muslin shirt to sew. Impressing on the little girl that a very special piece of work was required, she said, "Now, do your very best on this shirt. It's Joe Shelley's"

So Barbara Ellen bent every effort to make each fine stitch of equal tininess. Aunt Katy had drawn a thread to insure that the seams would be absolutely straight. When the job was completed, she felt a thrill of

pride. There was sewing worthy of the particular Joe Shelley, whoever he was. Aunt Katy laughed and said the shirt wasn't Joe Shelley's at all. It was Bill Smith's.

However, Aunt Katy had accomplished her purpose by the harmless little trick. She had taught Barbara Ellen the proper way to sew. She has the knack of it to this day although she confines her sewing mostly to patching and braiding rugs.

Ann Maria Kensinger was the village seamstress. Everybody in the district, who could not trust their own ability, called on Ann Maria to make wedding dresses, shirts for the bride groom, shrouds for the dead and the elaborately tucked and embroidered long dresses for the first baby.

She even made men's suits and overcoats. Nothing that required cutting, fitting or stitching stumped her. She bought the first sewing machine in her immediate community.

Sewing Machine A Curiosity

This invention of Elias Howe which could back stitch more perfectly than the best seamstress on earth, was a great curiosity to the folks thereabouts, but to none quite as much as to the late David H. C. Brumbaugh.

He was only a child. Paying attention to Ann Maria's lowly bent head and close gaze on the machine while it was in operation little David got the idea into his head that the sewing machine was run by the power of the human eye.

One day he sat by the machine while it was still, keeping it under his fixed observation. Much disappointed he looked up at the seamstress and said, "It won't go for me, when I watch it." He had watched it as hard as he could and not a wheel turned.

Before my interview with Mrs. Kensinger came to an end, she advanced another snarl in the family relationship for unraveling. She said her cousin Yawnie Wineland and her

Uncle Yawnie were one and the same person.

Simple, when you know the facts. Cousin Yawnie married her husband's sister, Esther Kensinger. To the children this couple, of course, were Uncle Yawnie and Aunt Esther Wineland.

"I guess that one was just a fooler," she added as she joined in the laugh this sally provoked. Tragedy and sorrow beyond the common lot of humanity, have not conspired to quench Mrs. Kensinger's native cheerfulness. That is the secret of the spell which keeps old age at bay. Anyone so essentially young in spirit and so well contented can never grow old no matter what the calendar chalks up.

Not Oldest Survivor of Family

Mrs. Kensinger, although in her eighties, is not the oldest survivor of her family. Her brother, George Wineland, the first born and her senior by a number of years, resides at the home of his late sister, Mrs. David M. Klepser in Martinsburg, now occupied by Christie Klepser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Klepser and Lloyd Minnich, their grandson and his family. Mr. Wineland is a well-known retired musician and business man.

Two sisters next in age to him, Elizabeth and Mary Jane, died of black diphtheria. Barbara Ellen was the fourth, with Mrs. Hannah Klepser, Jacob, David, Samuel, who died in infancy and Mary Catherine (Mrs. Jacob Stonerook) completing the roster of one of the Cove's most widely known families.

Only once in history, during Lincoln's term, were five living ex-presidents in the United States. This unusual number was a result largely of the fact that no President elected between 1836 and 1860 served more than four years.

Stoner Ancestors Prominent Cove Pioneers

When Lee R. Kauffman brought his bride to their future home on the farm east of Bassler Station, whose location on the brow of a gently rising slope, commands long views of beautiful Morrisons Cove scenery, it was a real homecoming for her.

Although the farm had been in the Kauffman family since March 30th, 1864, the date it was purchased by the bridegroom's grandfather, Henry Kauffman, many years before it had belonged to John Stoner, grandfather of the newly-wedded Mrs. Lee Kauffman.

Before her marriage she was Susan Alice Stoner. At least that was the name which was entered among the births in the family record in the Bible, but outside of the immediate family the name was not familiar. To her friends, she was Allie Stoner, who, aside from her exceedingly agreeable personal traits, was known as a tasteful, proficient seamstress.

Was Worthy Descendant

No question but that the popular Martinsburg young lady was a worthy descendant of Grandfather John Stoner, pioneer settler of Martinsburg. John Stoner, a Lancaster county youth, together with his brothers, Abraham, Jacob and Christian, and a sister who married John Nicodemus, migrated to the Cove early in the eighteen hundreds.

In 1815, John married Lydia Ann Brumbaugh, daughter of John Brumbaugh, whose grant of 1500 acres of land secured by patent from Thomas and Richard Penn in 1792, comprised the present site of the borough of Martinsburg and a number of the fine farms on its eastern and western boundaries. While Lydia Ann was only fifteen years old at the time of her wedding she was well versed in all the arts of housewifery. She could

bake, cook, spin, knit and sew and, if necessary, administer the herb remedies and poultices frontier lore prescribed in home nursing.

As dowry for the fifteen-year-old bride, John Brumbaugh deeded the farm immediately south west of Martinsburg, more recently known as the G. Ross Hagey farm, the tract containing sixty-eight or sixty-nine acres.

Here the young husband built a log house in which to set up housekeeping. Meanwhile as prosperity rewarded their prudence and industry and as the successive arrival of their twelve children at two year intervals, made larger quarters desirable, Mr. Stoner built the stone house, which even to this day, furnishes a fine example of first class rural dwellings.

Stoners Were Farmers

While the early Stoners followed farming, they were jacks of all trades.. Born with a knack for mechanics of all kinds, there was nothing the men of the family could not turn their hands to. The house and the barn of the Hagey, now the Judge M. D. Patterson farm, attest to John Stoner's skill as a carpenter and stone mason.

In addition he was a cabinet and implement maker. Whether his wife wanted a bureau, cradle or table or his wagon was in need of repairs, he could make them to order.

This skill with tools was an inborn trait of his sons, too. Particularly so in the case of his first born, Abraham. Abraham could make anything. It was a joke in his family that he never needed a new wagon. Throughout a long career as a farmer, he retained the same wagon with which he started out.

As parts wore out, he manufactured new ones. Thus like the knife familiar in the story that had been

equipped with new blades and a new handle, yet was the "same old knife," Abraham Stoner, at retirement had the same old wagon, even though scarcely an original piece of it remained.

In their cozy stone house, John and Lydia Ann Brumbaugh Stoner, lived to see the town of Martinsburg grow from a straggling cluster of a few houses to a good sized town.

Sold Lots for Homes

Mr. Stoner plotted a block of lots in 1820 lying along Locust street and to the east of South Market street. These rapidly found buyers and as soon thereafter, Martinsburg came into the hey-day of its industrial existence as an iron town, the change from primitive conditions to the ordered, even cultured mode of life, enjoyed by the well-to-do prior to the Civil War, presented a contrast that must have evoked the ever growing interest of Mr. and Mrs. Stoner. The transition from the makeshifts of the frontier to the comforts of affluent circumstances in civilized society, is something no one in the Cove will ever again experience.

The sturdy homemade cradle which stood sufficiently close to the ingle nook to bask in the warmth of the open fire was not stilled in its rocking for any great length of time. Eight sons and four daughters took their turn to go to sleep to the music of Mother Stoner's German lullabies and the soothing rhythm of her foot on the rocker.

In the order of their birth the children were as follows: Abraham, born August 4, 1816, married to Susan Bowers; Ann, born January 15, 1818, married to Daniel Bowers; Jacob, born March 31, 1819, married to Susan Kurtz; Mary, born August 1821, married to Joseph Bowers; John, born December 30, 1823, married to Catharine Zook, an aunt of Rev. Fred; Ir-

vin, Simon and Sadie Zook; Barbara, born September 28, 1826, married to William Metzger; Elizabeth, born February 26, 1829, married to John Ketterman; Christian, born October 18, 1831, married to Virginia Metzger; David, born May 7, 1834, married to Ann Bowers; Henry, born October 19, 1836, married to Magdalena Zook and who became the parents of Mrs. Kauffman; Daniel, born July 3, 1840, died at the age of four years, and Levi, the twelfth and last, born September 21, 1843, married to Lavina Royer.

Occupied Kauffman Farm

Following his marriage, Abraham moved to his father's farm in later generations to become the Lee R. Kauffman farm. Eventually he and his family located on a farm near Greentown, Ohio. He often remarked in his later years that his Ohio farm reminded him of the Kauffman farm back home in Pennsylvania. It had the same eastern exposure, similar wide vistas of rolling, well tilled landscape and, to carry the resemblance further, he built a substantial colonial house and a bank barn. Thus he probably staved off homesickness by the fancied likeness of his Ohio home to Morrisons Cove.

It was an old saying among natives of Ohio that you could recognize every farm owned by a "Pennsylvania Dutchman" by their bank barns. They were a trade mark of good craftsmanship. Immigrants from other sections of the eastern seaboard were not in the habit of putting up buildings on the commodious scale and with the durability of the Pennsylvania brand.

At close of day the blazing glory of the sunset had a significance for Grandmother Lydia Ann Stoner other than that it marked the lapse of one more day into the realm of the infinite.

It must have seemed like a flaming beacon pointing towards the west to which the pioneering spirit had led most of her children to make their homes. Out of her family of eleven, that grew to manhood and womanhood, seven went west.

Abraham, the oldest, was the first to go. As was stated before, he settled on a farm near Greentown, Ohio, which in his eyes bore a resemblance to his former home, the present Lee R. Kauffman Estate farm. From time to time Ann, Mary, Jacob, Elizabeth, David and Levi followed his example.

David and Elizabeth moved to Stark county, Ohio, in the vicinity of Greentown, situated eight or nine miles north of Canton. Mary and Ann, or Nancy as she was nicknamed, also went to Ohio, but the urge to penetrate into the real west, the wild and woolly frontier, led them eventually to settle in Kansas. Jacob had been the Kansas trail blazer for the Stoners.

Lived in Sod House

After the great, wide open spaces numbered sufficient settlers to warrant a post office, his address was Hays City. Before that happy state had come to pass, Uncle Jake and his family lived in a "soddy." Had any of their Martinsburg friends pulled the latch string to that primitive abode, they would have been hard to convince that Jake Stoner had improved his lot by shaking the dust of Morrisons Cove off his feet and trying his fortune on the raw prairie.

However, Jake and his wife had what it takes. They stuck it out, against heavy odds. Drought, cyclones, grasshoppers, chinch bugs, levied their toll. Surely there must have been many times when Pennsylvania looked good to them by comparison.

They kept the wolf away from their sod house door, both figuratively and literally, for bands of vicious hungry

wolves roamed the plains, a menace alike to beast and human beings. Their howls in the night were no lullaby to soothe the prairie dwellers to calm repose.

The Stoners took all these discouragements as a matter of course. In good time a fine home emerged and a substantial competence for old age rewarded them for the hardships endured. Levi, the baby of the John Stoner family chose Ohio as the scene of his efforts to tame the wilds. He, as well as his brothers and sisters, made good.

Appreciates Pioneer Children

Little and worn, their Spartan mother fixing her thoughts on her pioneering children as the setting sun spread its roseate glow in the west, doubtless considered it perfectly natural for them to subdue the far flung wilderness. It was an age of empire building.

They were only following in their parents' footsteps. And had they not been taught from infancy that toil was the price of success and that whatever their hands found to do, they should do with all their might? Life was real. Duty, morality, work, were its texture. The race was won by the strong. There was no room in the Stoner creed for the idler, the leaner or the dawdler. Plainly her children had profited by the force of their elders' precept and example.

John Stoner died April 6, 1863. Thereafter until her death, March 30, 1880, his widow lived in the stone house. He had made ample provisions for her maintenance under the terms of his will, but until her last sickness, habituated all her life to industry, she continued to do her own housework.

The noisy whirl of the spinning wheel on the attic was still. Advancing progress had eliminated the need to make cloth. She could trade her butter and eggs for her clothing and household needs at the stores in Martinsburg. There was no necessity for

much of the handiwork she had to do when her children were small and their little suits and dresses had to be made from the raw flax and wool grown on the farm.

Mother Was Busy Woman

In spite of that she was busy. After the house work was done, she knit and sewed. Little Allie, her granddaughter, whose parents lived in the tenant house across the yard loved to visit the little old lady. She took a childish delight in helping grandmother to work. It was fun to work and the feeling of importance she had when doing something useful gave her a sense of happiness and well-being.

Grandmother had not much to say. She was a silent type. Therefore, the story of her experiences in the transition of Martinsburg from a wilderness village to a modern town, was never told. Yet from log cabin to a stone mansion, from ox team to the railroad train, life through the entire history of the Pennsylvania canal and the iron industry in the Cove, must have been full of episodes her descendants would read with relish.

Never did she discuss the railroad which ran past her door, yet it must have appeared to her as one of the wonders of the world. So far as Mrs. Allie Stoner Kauffman can recollect, her grandmother never rode on the strange contraption, although she had watched the track laid from the sinking of the first pick into the right of way for the road bed until the foremen declared it complete for the grand opening.

Imagination is stirred by the emotion that must have been aroused in this frontier bred woman when she saw the first smoke emitting iron horse snorting, puffing and clattering at high speed past her farm house, whose peace and solitude thus was broken by the onrushing of the mon-

ster, heralding the age of steam and rapid transit.

Railroad Opening Big Event

As will be recalled from the reminiscences appearing in previous articles, the grand opening of the Morrisons Cove branch railroad was made the occasion for running an excursion train the round trip from Altoona to Henrietta and treating the Cove worthies who had co-operated by selling rights of way and boarding and lodging the road builders to a free ride to see the sights of Altoona. Every station on the branch was crowded by a concourse of people in holiday attire. Bands played, various and sundry dogs barked and, as ever has been the custom of young America since the Declaration of Independence, little boys darted under foot or climbed trees to get the best vantage point to see all that was to be seen.

Mr. Stoner's sense of justice was well exemplified by the following bequest in his will on file in the Register and Recorder's office at Hollidaysburg:

"Some of my children have remained with me after they attained the age of twenty-one years, and I intend to give them notes for the amount that I deem their services to have been worth to me. I hereby direct my executors to pay the notes as part of my indebtedness."

The children specifically referred to were Abraham, Jacob and Nancy. The latter kept house for her brother Abraham while he lived on the present Kauffman farm. Jacob helped Abraham to fell and hew the giant yellow pines on the farm to use for beams in the barn they erected. Those great timbers, with undiminished strength, still support the self-same barn, although the structure has been enlarged by the addition of a new wing.

In the days when Allie Stoner hung out her shingle as a dressmaker, there was a great deal more involved to the trade than knowing how to cut and fit and run up a seam. Dresses in the late eighties were built from the ground up.

Before beginning operations on the eight or nine yards of Henrietta cloth or surah silk required for a dress, Allie had to draft a pattern, projecting it from the Magic scale, which to the uninitiated looked not unlike a carpenter's or draftsman's triangle. There was no such thing as a ready-made pattern. The seamstress made her own.

She had learned the art of drafting from Mrs. Sallie Rupley Shaffer, who maintained a professional establishment in Martinsburg and who had a long waiting list of promising girls desirous of signing up as apprentices. The usual term of apprenticeship was nine months but Allie was an experienced sewer before she made application to Mrs. Shaffer, therefore she finished the course in only two months.

Dressmaking Was Complicated

Not to keep the customer waiting overly long for the fitting to get under way, we shall proceed with the next step. That is to get the foundation started. You see before the drapes, box plaits, flounces and over skirts of the superstructure would hang right, the foundation made of silicia must fit snug and unwrinkled. After that there must be a dust ruffle, whale bones adjusted, seams pinked, crinoline or buckram sewed on to the foundation to reinforce the two or three ruffled petticoats in making the wide dress skirt billow out in full folds and wipe up the dust at every step. Yes, dressmaking was an art in those days.

Contrary to the belief of the girls of today that they have a monopoly of fine feathers, they need only leaf

over the family album and see what mother and grandmother used to wear. Today's frills and fancies look plain by comparison.

If sometimes too constant application to her trade made the work monotonous, an order for a wedding dress would arouse new zest in the life for our seamstress. Among the pretties wedding dresses she made were those for Ida Bolger and Minnie Bateman. Miss Bolger married William Oellig and Miss Bateman became the bride of Harry Klepser.

As Allie cut, pinned, fit and draped the heavy cream surah silks of the handsome gowns, she could not help but think to herself that she was glad that her handiwork served so well to enhance the loveliness of these charming brides.

One does not need to tax the imagination at all to be aware that Allie was a pretty bride herself. Her dress was of cream Henrietta cloth, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves and trimmed in chiffon lace. It is interesting to note that when her only surviving child, Gertrude, was married to Ezra Bender, she wore her mother's wedding dress.

Long Street Gowns Taboo

Although styles in vogue at present are modeled on old-fashioned lines, proving that fashions came in cycles, one can well believe that whatever else the girls of today may resurrect from the past, they will never submit to long skirts for street wear. No matter how well disposed they may be to bow to the mandates of fickle Dame Fashion, they will rebel at sweeping up germs and dust off the ground.

Grandmother Stoner busily plying her twinkling knitting needles had no inkling that knitting was on its way out. For several decades following her death, scarcely anyone knit, except a few grandmothers here and there, who clung to the ways of their

youth. The World War revived it as a fad. The girls and women of the nation displayed their patriotism by picking up stitches where grandmother left off, to make sweaters for the soldier boys.

The fad has become so popular today that the modern girl could give grandmother a post graduate course. For surely, skilled as they were, the good ladies of long ago never would have been equal to knitting a whole dress. Could Mrs. Lydia Stoner look upon the sweaters her great-granddaughter, Mrs. Bender, knits for her two little boys, Byron and Jon Lee, she would say, "Dear me, my child, that beats me."

Her marriage turned Allie Stoner Kauffman from a town-bred seamstress into a genuine farm woman. She laid aside the needle to milk the cows, make butter, raise calves and chickens and do all the other manifold duties that devolve on the housekeeper living on a farm.

Panic Prices Were Low

The panic of the nineties had beaten down farm prices to rock bottom. During her early married life, she sold her good fresh butter for ten cents a pound. She had no dearth of customers. Her friends in Martinsburg needed only a taste of her butter to insure their patronage for life. However, Mr. Kauffman decided eventually to ship milk. During the years they shipped milk on the quarter-to-five morning train, days were long on the farm, commencing with the jangling of the alarm clock at 3:30 a. m.

Occasionally some of the Kauffman cousins from the west would come to visit. Seeing the big frame farm house for the first time, they would remark, "So this is the house in which grandmother lived and this was her garden."

Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman explained that the present dwelling is compar-

atively new. It was built about 1900. Grandmother's house was the pebb'e dash or perhaps the log house which preceded the present structure. Furthermore grandmother's garden had been in front of the house where the lawn now is instead of being on the south side of the lawn.

Its beds of thyme, sage and assorted medicinal herbs and blue bells, Sweet William and clove pinks yield their fragrance only in the memory of stories told by some adopted westerner whose thought sometimes must have turned back with homesick yearning to dearly loved scenes in the Keystone state.

Stoner Family Included Five

Mrs. Kauffman was born in 1868. She had only four brothers and sisters, viz., Mary Jane, the oldest, wife of Frank Crissman, both deceased; Harriet Catherine, deceased, who was married to John Kensinger of Roaring Spring; Fred Stoner of Altoona, and Mrs. Gertrude Woodcock of Martinsburg, widow of the late James M. Woodcock.

Mr. L. R. Kauffman died on November 11, 1936. He is buried in Kauffman cemetery beside his daughter, Helen Bell. Helen, the older of the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman, died in 1914 at the age of 21 years, a victim of pneumonia. She is remembered as a gracious young woman, kind and lovely. Her parents had given her the middle name of Bell in honor of the late Martin Bell, president judge of Blair county, because she was born in November of 1893 on the day Judge Bell was elected to office.

Mrs. Kauffman maintains an apartment in the farm house, the remainder of the dwelling being occupied by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Bender and their two little boys. The boys are convinced they have the best grandma in the world. In proof, they will drive their

pet, a sleet, glossy spotted pony, up and down the lane, flourishing the reins like veteran horsemen. Grandma got the pony for Byron on his sixth birthday anniversary, he'll volunteer to tell you.

Quilting Is Favorite Pastime

The boys also will speak with every evidence of pride of the pretty quilts grandma makes for them for keepsakes. While she no longer cares much to make dresses, she makes quilts and mends for pastime. Her tulip, double wedding ring and other intricate quilt designs are so pretty it is no wonder they catch the fancy of her little grandsons.

While this sketch of the Stoners is rather unsatisfactory to those who are seeking a genealogical record of this well known old Cove family, it serves to show something of the fine character of these folks and the courage which led so many of them to seek new worlds to conquer by the right of industry and their will to succeed.

Although most of the Stoner cousins live in the west, the convenience of modern transportation makes it easy for them to visit one another and thus keep the bonds of the clan from being severed by time and distance.

Incidents Told By Mrs. Sarah Metzker

The boom of the guns, would they never cease? Dull, muted by distance but everlastingly persistent, thought Sara Elizabeth Stiffler, of West Loop, would the battle of Gettysburg keep up until not one of those youthful, idealistic boys in blue would be left?

Sara was only fourteen years old but she had suffered the pang of waving farewell to three young brothers who had gone off to the war.

Harry, the oldest brother, had surprised his parents by coming home one day, mounted on a horse and wearing the blue uniform and brass buttons of the Union army. He had joined the cavalry. In a day or two he was gone to do his bit to fight for the preservation of the Union.

William, the next boy, not more than twenty, marched away with a company of infantry. His grave young face, lit with the high purpose of patriotic resolve and the spirit of adventure, looked too boyish to be made the target of enemy bullets. His family watched anxiously so long as the dust raised by the new

recruits' feet hung in the air. They never saw him again. A comrade sent a letter to his father that William had died of dysentery and that his body had been buried somewhere in North Carolina.

Third Son Followed Flag

Sylvanis, the third boy, wrote back home that he had fought in a half dozen battles before his eighteenth birthday anniversary. He took part in the battle of Gettysburg. Not until long after the victory was won, did his anxious parents and brothers and sisters learn that he had come through that terrible slaughter, unscathed. In fact, he came through the Civil War without a scratch only to meet his death by accident on the railroad. He was an engineer, marked for death in a wreck of his train.

Harry, although he took part in 18 engagements, was not wounded and lived to be ninety-one. But living to see ninety-one is no novelty in the Stiffler family. They are long lived on both sides of the house. Father Stiffler was 92 when he died. However, says Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Stif-

fler Metzker of Martinsburg, "Mother er was only eighty-six."

Mrs. Metzker is now eighty-eight. Her sister, Mrs. Esther Sell, wife of Rev. James A. Sell of Hollidaysburg, is ninety. The late Mrs. Nancy Curry, another sister, lived to be almost ninety. While Mrs. Metzker's sight is dim, her hearing is perfect and her health is sufficiently robust to admit of her greatest blessing, the privilege of regular attendance at church and Sunday school.

Many years ago when Mrs. Metzker's brother, Abe was a little boy a traveler on the road, seeing the lad in front of the big house in Canoe Creek where his father lived and kept store, asked, "Who lives here?"

"Dad and the boys," answered little Abe.

"Well, what's you name?" persisted the traveler.

"Abe."

"Abe and what else?"

"Jis Abe."

Were Nine In Family

With this information, the wayfarer had to be content. Had he inquired further, he would have found out that the big house was occupied by Joseph Stiffler, his wife Mary Leighty Stiffler and their nine surviving children, Nancy, Mary Jane, Harry, Sylvanis, Esther, Sarah, Jacob, George and Abe. Susan, the baby, had died in infancy and William in the war.

Abe was born on the day Lincoln was elected to the presidency. Therefore, Father Stiffler, who was a strong Lincoln supporter, insisted that the baby be named in honor of the Great Emancipator. To this day Abe Stiffler is twitted by his two remaining sisters and one brother about his answer to the inquiring traveler.

Mr. Stiffler, a retired farmer, lives with his son Lewis at Canoe Creek. George, his only living brother, lives at Geeseytown. When these four elderly folks, Mrs. Sell, Mrs. Metzker,

George and Abe, get together they have lots of fun, reminiscing about their early life in their parental home. They were a happy bunch of youngsters and to this day they laugh with a heartiness that has all the ring of carefree-enjoyment.

Found Secret of Joyful Life

Ask either of the old ladies and they will tell you the secret of joy in life is living right with the Word of God as your guide. A clear conscience is the mainspring of a merry heart.

Sarah Elizabeth, the seventh child in this sprightly group was born on a farm at West Loop, June 19, 1849. When she was twelve years old, her father moved to the big house at Canoe Creek, known as the Cooney Claycomb house.

It had been built for a tavern. Father Stiffler never kept hotel but he converted the big front room on the ground floor into a store. He also was postmaster, a corner of the store having been fitted up to serve as a postoffice.

The store and postoffice was a place of general assembly. Here the men met to sit, chat and exchange views. During the Civil war it was the forum for discussion and the distributing point of war news. Anxious women and men with strained faces gathered at the postoffice to ask whether there was a letter from their boys at the front. If one of the parents received a letter, all remained to hear what it contained.

United by their common distress, the people of Canoe Creek rejoiced with those that had good news to report and sorrowed with the ones that received the intelligence that their boy had fallen in the fight or had been a victim of the dreaded dysentery.

Passing Travelers Afforded Interest

There were bright spots to break into the dark gloom of war anxiety. At least for the children. For in-

stance there were the many interesting sights to be seen on the "big road." The Philadelphia and Indiana turnpike, leading to Pittsburgh, passed their door. Almost any time of the day there were strange sights to intrigue the eyes of youth.

Frequently drovers came by driving or to be exact leading as many as two or three hundred sheep that were on their way on the hoof to the big city markets and the butcher's block. Generally the men drove the sheep into Father Stiffler's meadow pastures to stay over night.

The baa-baaing of the sheep rent the air. The children reveled in it. To Sarah the most interesting thing was to watch how all those woolly creatures followed the bell wether, almost without deviation. The chief duty of the two or three drovers was to guide the bell sheep. The rest of the flock followed after.

Sarah was too young to see a parallel in this conduct of the dumb sheep to the habits of humans. The general run of people also are prone to follow a bell sheep without recourse to their own God-given powers of individual thinking, sometimes sinking into the mire for want of using their heads.

Circus Was Big Event

Great herds of cattle too were driven into the pasture. They were not nearly so docile as the sheep. But the grandest sight of all was the "shows." In those days circuses went from town to town, following the highways under their own power. Elephants, ponies, trained horses were impressed into service on the road to haul the heavy wagons between the one-day stands.

When Jacob, Abe or Sarah (she confesses to have been pretty much of a tomboy), spied a circus plodding down the road, you should have been there to have shared in the excitement.

"Oo-oooh, lookit at the elephants! Hain't they monstrous. Wisht I had one of those ponies. I'd show you how to ride."

Yes, there they came. Two elephants pacing sedately by, sleek spotted ponies and fat, draft horses that pulled the cages confining the lions, monkeys and "tagers." Young hearts beat high. Here were wonders to enthrall. Not a detail of the cavalcade escaped them, to be sure.

Sarah and Jacob were pals. She was his shadow on berrying and nutting expeditions, riding the plow horses or driving the cows to pasture. The good time they had together when they were youngsters left a reminiscent glow that shines even today after the lapse of so many years with their freight of varied experiences.

Brother Jake was next to Sarah in age, although a couple years younger. At his wedding to a Miss Custer, whose older brother was present, the guests called on Sarah and Fred Custer to dance in the hog trough. Some of the young men actually brought a hog trough to the house. Good sports that both were, they proceeded to dance in the trough, joining in the shouts of laughter of the onlookers.

One of the clearest pictures to come to the mind of Mrs. Sarah Metzker when she recalls childhood scenes is of a long row of cowhide shoes and boots.

Every Saturday evening Father Stiffler performed his self-appointed chores of greasing the family footgear. Applying a liberal coating of linseed oil, he vigorously rubbed the oil into the leather with his hands. Treating the assorted boots and shoes, both coarse and fine or as the children would have said, "every day and Sunday," for a dozen pairs of feet was no task to be held in light esteem.

Set on the hearth in front of the bake oven which opened into the

summer house kitchen, they made a brave array. Fresh from father's ministrations, greased to his liking, they looked black and shiny, fit to be worn to Sunday school and church next day with no sense of embarrassment.

Oiling Kept Leather Soft

It would have been too bad to neglect keeping boots pliable by thorough oiling, especially following continued exposure to mud and water. That old time genuine cowhide had a tendency to shrink beyond belief. It taxed the temper, patience and vocabulary of the wearers to the utmost to pull the boots on and off. For that reason a bootjack was among the first necessities towards starting up housekeeping. A young bridegroom would as soon have thought of stepping across the threshold of his future home without a pair of home-made galluses as minus a bootjack.

As long as summer lasted and even into the fall until the ground frosted over, boys and girls went barefoot. Consequently toes cramped and heels were inclined to blister when church attendance imposed properly shod feet. Sarah Stiffler and her juvenile friends worked out a scheme that contributed to foot comfort and at the same time saved shoe leather. They carried their shoes dangling from the stout leather thongs their daddies cut for laces, until they approached the vicinity of the church. Then they stopped, put on stockings and shoes and proceeded on their way in the dignity of full Sunday attire.

Members of the Church of the Brethren, the nearest church of the denomination was at Carson Valley. The distance was nine miles, requiring well over an hour to make the trip in father's two horse carriage. Going to church at Carson Valley sized up as a real event in the lives of the young Stifflers, but, owing to the distance, they got there not often

er than once a month or perhaps every six weeks. However, Father and Mother Stiffler were inured to going a long ways to church. During their early married life they rode horseback, each holding a baby, whilst they traveled over Short mountain to Yellow Springs.

New Church Is Built

Sarah Stiffler and her chums were overjoyed when the news was given out that the United Brethren congregation contemplated building a church at Canoe Creek. At last when this project materialized into a church structure, Sarah went to Sunday school every Sunday except, of course, during the winter months. Cold weather wrote adjournment to the weekly sessions until the following spring.

Dear me, the enthusiasm evinced by the young folks in memorizing Scripture verses was something that didn't die down as soon as school was dismissed. It lasted all week. So many verses merited a blue ticket. A certain number of blue ones were worth a red ticket, which could be turned in for a picture card or a testament. Mrs. Metzker has her cards and testament yet.

The Stiffler family lived close enough to the church to go on foot. However, it was a familiar sight to see the young men of the neighborhood ride up to the long hitching racks alongside the building, with their best girls riding behind them, holding on with their arms around the boys' waists. Almost anyone will agree that riding a twosome on horseback must have been lots of fun in the old days.

Coony Claycomb, deceased owner of the Stiffler property, was buried in the orchard close to the house. The older children got a great deal of amusement out of trying to scare the younger ones by telling them that Coony was coming after them. At dusk sometimes they would run down

the orchard slope at top speed, shrieking, "Coony's after us! Coony's after us!"

Bravery Was Only Apparent

While the youngsters made a show of bravado, declaring they were not afraid, they ran as hard as they could just the same and, had they confessed the truth, fear lent wings to their feet. Something of the same kind of mystical atmosphere clung to the old woman who told fortunes.

She lived in a tumble down old shack at the foot of Canoe mountain. Crowds of young folks walked the three miles —they would call it hiking nowadays — to her home to have the old woman read their fate by means of coffee grounds in the bottom of a cup. For the charge of a mere pittance, she foretold a more or less garbled future to those whom curiosity lured to her door. As this was her sole means of making a living, her poverty was extreme.

One day, a young man of the group that had come to the alleged traf-ficker in futures, attracted by the aroma issuing from a kettle steaming on the rusty stove, lifting the lid, found its contents to be nothing more than a mess of potato parings, which the fortune teller evidently was cooking for a meal. Sarah did not patronize the fortune teller more than once or twice. On thinking it over, her conscience troubled her, leading her to decide against any further association with a thing so plainly smacking of deceit.

Even more exciting to juvenile curiosity than the fortune teller were the doings of a crazy man and woman living in an adjoining neighborhood. They were brother and sister, living alone, in a poor cabin after the death of their parents. As no institution was available in the county then in which to keep them, they roamed at will. The man caught fish for food, eating them raw.

Crazy People Were Burned

At butchering time on the nearby farms, he would take a hunk of raw meat and wolf it down as avidly as a beast of the wild. The demented pair burned to death. Their rickety house caught fire one night, burning to the ground and cremating the bodies of the two unfortunates.

Had you asked Sarah Stiffler or any of her healthy young pals which time of the year was the most fun— winter or summer — they would have had to study a while before answering. With visions in their heads of sledding and coasting, winter offered fascinations hard to resist. It renews Mrs. Metzker's youth to recall the joyous fellowship, the fun and the spontaneous breaking into song of the crowds that went on sledding trips.

She says she feels that somewhere during the passage of the years since she was young, the ties that bind the people of a community together have lost something of kindness, affection and helpfulness. One sees a greater disposition towards division into cliques and self containment and reserve among the individuals themselves. Modern inventions she thinks, make people less dependent on one another, both in point of service and personal relationship.

There is one sledding party that stands out in her memory above all others. Bound for a party at a considerable distance from Canoe Creek, the merriment of the young folks kept pace with the lively jingling of the bells. All went well until they forded the river. They got across the river in safety but in hauling the sled up the steep bank on the farther side, the sled box slid off landing kerplunk into the water.

Since the box was almost water tight, the girls did not get wet, but the boys had to wade into the river to carry the girls and retrieve the box to put it back on the running

gears. The mishap only added to the hilarity.

"I'm going to take Sarah to the Cove," jocularly remarked Joseph Stiffler, "and get her one of those Dutch Covers."

Nancy, the oldest daughter and Jane, next in age, married ex-service men, following the end of the Civil War. Nancy's husband was George Curry and Jane had been led to the altar by Jacob Noffsker. An eloquent young minister of the Gospel, Rev. James A. Sell, had chosen Esther for his bride. Her older sisters happily settled in their own households. Sarah was the lone girl in her father's home.

Father Stiffler's inclination to joke was directed at her, now that the other girls were gone. However, Sarah was well able to respond in kind.

Therefore, when Mr. Stiffler suggested that she accompany him to a love feast at the Fredericksburg Church of the Brethren, she was game to go. His promise to get her a Dutch Cover was not the inducement, however. The religious observance was her motive for coming to the Cove.

She Won The Man

Sure enough, her fate was sealed. She and her father were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Metzker. Isaac D., a son of the host, the elders were quick to note, had taken a "shine" to Sarah. After she had gone home correspondence followed, the young man paid his court until on February 22, 1876, she stood by his side dressed in a bridal gown of light tan merino, made with tight basque and draped overskirt, and was united with him in marriage.

Her brother-in-law, Rev. James A. Sell, assisted by Rev. Grabill Myers, performed the ceremony. Brother George and Louise Engle were the attendants. It was a big wedding. Gaiety, good wishes and a big dinner gave

the gathering a popular appeal. The Stiffler larder, was equal to the demands made upon it. There was no scarcity of chicken and turkey and the hams from the annual slaughter of eight or ten hogs, curing in the smoke house, provided the mainstay of the feast. In that ample abundance, Father was satisfied to exempt his favorite delicacy — green currant pie. It was the wrong season of the year for it.

The bride was leaving a good home. Perhaps, amid the wedding festivities, scenes of earlier years flitted across her mind. There were her happy school days. How assiduously she studied and with what enthusiasm joined in the games at intermission! Maybe she thought of faithful old black Beck, their pet horse, who carried the children to school on snowy days.

Two or three of the children would clamber on to her back and away she would trot to the school house. Arrived there, some one would turn her head towards home and Beck, without further direction, went straight home to her stall.

Enjoyed the Spelling Schools

At evening spelling school or singing school, in her blue delaine sprigged with red posies, her quilted petticoat that mother made, spreading her skirt in stylish fullness, Sarah looked her best and could spell and sing with the best, too.

The old school room, illuminated by sputtering candles and fat lamps placed in brackets against the wall, looked less dingy and scarred. Its inanimate stolidity seemed to be melowered by the festive mood of the students.

Now, she was a barefoot girl, down by the spring, taking turns with brother Jacob at jumping up and down in a tub of wool to stamp the dirt out, or saving mother's back and hands by stamping the heavy bedding

in warm soapy water. Winter mornings there was the picture of the children scrambling down to a breakfast of a heaped mound of buckwheat cakes brother Harry had baked on the top of the ten plate stove in the kitchen.

Grown to her teens, she went sledging, her bright colored knitted woolen nubia, scarf, mittens and her stockings with circular blue and white stripes, which she had knitted herself, warding off Jack Frost's persistent nips. Eventually she graduated into the estate of young ladyhood, and her first coat. A trimming of bead ornaments on the sleeves made such an agreeable rattle when she shook hands with her friends at church, it must be confessed, that she made use of the opportunity to shake hands as often as she could.

Ah yes, she had a varied host of happy memories to take into her new home, but she had the will to make it yield high future dividends of happiness also.

Settled On Piney Creek

The newly wedded couple went to housekeeping on what is now the Edward S. Burket farm on Piney Creek. In some respects the Cove was different from Canoe Valley. Young Mrs. Metzker discovered that the "Dutch Covers" were more given to doing skilled work in their homes. For instance there were more weavers, shoemakers and blacksmiths. It was plain to be seen, the home and mechanical arts at which the German and Swiss settlers were proficient, had been handed down to their descendants. The Scotch-Irish of Canoe Valley were perhaps more given to trading for the necessities of life, such as wearing apparel, than to fashioning them with their own handiwork.

By hard work and exercising economy, Mr. and Mrs. Metzker made farming pay. Mrs. Metzker liked her

new environment but she sorely missed going to Sunday school regularly. The distance to Martinsburg or Fredericksburg was too far to admit of regular attendance.

Eventually George Smith and Mrs. Metzker canvassed the neighborhood to the end that a Sunday school was opened in the Stiffler school house. Mr. Smith was superintendent and Mrs. Metzker assistant superintendent.

In telling about this pioneer Piney Creek Sunday school, Mrs. Metzker interjected the remark, "George Smith was a very good superintendent." You should have seen the hymn books they used. Fat, pocket sized books containing in fine print the words of the hymns but no music.

Hymn Books Had No Music

When Superintendent Smith had lined a hymn, he announced it as being either long or short meter and then asked for some one "to raise the tune." Mrs. Metzker usually raised the tune. Even to this day she sings a hymn or two each day as part of her regular morning worship in her home.

Never having been blessed with children, Mr. and Mrs. Metzker took Clair Burley, three year old orphaned nephew of Mrs. Metzker, to raise. In every respect except that of birth he was a son to her. His death eight years ago in an automobile accident was a hard blow.

During her long life she has seen many tragedies. One of the saddest was the disappearance of her father-in-law, Daniel Metzker. Forty years or more ago, he wandered away from his home. No trace of him rewarded the diligence of searching parties who scoured barrens, woods and mountains in the district. Three years, later, quite by accident, his body was found by some hunters.

There was nothing left but the

skeleton. It was wedged between two trees in the barrens only a few miles from his home.

Retired to Martinsburg

Looking to comfort in his old age, Isaac Metzker built the house on East Allegheny street in Martinsburg in which his widow resides. The house is close to church and to neighbors, for the Metzker sociability and hospitality to be given full vent, and yet its location abutting on the Memorial Park grove and overlooking a considerable scope of rural Morrisons Cove, combines the advantages of country as well as town life.

He did not live long to enjoy his home. On the first of May 1916, Mrs. Metzker left in company with the late Mrs. Elizabeth Paul to visit some neighbors. Her husband relaxed in his favorite rocking chair, was reading the daily paper. He gave no intimation that he was in other than his usual health. When Mrs. Metzker returned, he was seated as she had left him but when she laid her hand on

his brow, it was cold with the clamminess of death. He must have died soon after she had left the house.

So far as she can recall she believes that her husband's remains were the last to have been transported to the grave in a horse drawn hearse in Martinsburg. The older readers will recall the sable appearance of the horse drawn hearses. Carved plumes at each corner, they surely accentuated the melancholy of their function.

Mrs. Metzker, although she lives alone in her two room apartment, is happy to be cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall, who occupy the remainder of the house. Mrs. Hall, a grandniece, is a daughter of Clair Burley, Mrs. Metzker's foster son.

She does her own cooking, except Sunday dinner at which she is a weekly guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hall. Except for her impaired sight, Mrs. Metzker is remarkably well preserved. Her mind is clear as in youth and her sprightly conversation is a joy to hear.

Dan Snowberger Was A Born Railroader

S. Landis Haffly, teacher of the Curryville school, called off the names of the pupils enrolled in order to mark the attendance record for the day. From the tousel headed five year olds on the low front seats to the young men and women of twenty-one occupying the back rows of benches each responded, "Present" to his or her name.

Like as not, when Mr. Haffly came to the name, Daniel S. Snowberger, he was greeted by silence, or perhaps some helpful youngster on the boys' side of the room, answered, "Absent," in piping voice.

Daniel's sisters, Annie and Mary, probably registered the thought, "Dan's playing around the station

again, climbing the box cars instead of coming to school."

While lessons had no terror for Dan, since he could learn them easily, he found the sights at the railway station, in proximity to his home, so fascinating, that he played "hooky" frequently. Besides, "the shining morning face" demanded by school attendance was a great bore, to be achieved only by much scrubbing by the feminine members of his family in a manner he deemed far from gentle. Like most small boys, he objected violently to having his neck and ears washed.

Ambition Was Railroading

From childhood up, Dan never had any doubts about what he was going

to be when he grew up. He was going to be a railroader. That was his sole ambition from allegiance to which he never wavered.

Some of his pals wanted to own a horse and buggy, hence they decided to be farmers. Even little boys understood in those days that only farmers or town nabobs could afford to have horses. Most of the other boys counted on going to Pittsburgh or out west to seek their fortunes.

Dan's father, Daniel D. Snowberger, kept store in a little building on his premises. That was an interesting occupation, especially at such times as juvenile mouths watered for the striped sticks of candy which were kept in a row of covered jars on a shelf. Dan was curious to see what was going on, but store keeping had no further charms.

Once, it is true, he tried his skill at balancing the scales. A skinny, little, half-starved kitten came mewling into the store. Without saying a word little Dan picked up the tiny animal placed it in the sugar scoop and, gravely studying the scales, remarked the result as "an ounce kotz."

Sought Mr. Curry's Influence

As Dan grew older, he confided his hopes of entering the train services to Mr. J. W. Curry. Mr. Curry was the man in whose honor Curryville was named. It was something of an event when Mr. Curry stepped off the train. Wearing a high silk hat, Prince Albert coat and carrying a gold headed cane, he was a fashionable figure of a man. Setting off his fine clothes was his good looks. He was well built, tall and distinguished looking.

In spite of his aristocratic appearance, he was affable and kindly. Therefore when Dan was eighteen, old enough to enter the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Mr. Curry introduced the youthful applicant for a job to General Superintendent Shepherd. Dan was lucky in

having such an influential sponsor. He got a job, entering the railway employment on October 15, 1890.

Possibly the young applicant's ability as a pensman was a point in his favor. He wrote a beautiful running Spencerian script, embellished with the flourishes and shadings characteristic of this system of hand writing. Doubtless his interest in writing had been stimulated by his brother Wesley.

Wesley had developed writing to the plane of genuine art. With a few strokes of the pen, he could draw birds and flowers. A pencil sketch he had drawn of the old Mountain House at Cresson looked almost like an etching. He had made a heroic struggle to complete his education, but death cut short his career during his senior year at the University of New York.

Career Is Cut Short

He had fallen a victim to tuberculosis at the early age of twenty-five, following his older brothers, John and Henry, who also died of the disease, all dying under thirty years of age. While in his 'teens, he worked at the Mountain House as a bell boy. One of the regular guests Andrew Carnegie, became so much interested in the boy, who had shyly confided his ambition to become a civil engineer, that the great financier insisted on giving him a hundred dollars.

With this boost to his savings, Wesley struck out for New York. By tutoring in French and German and acting as usher in the Metropolitan Opera House, he earned enough to pay his way through school. In spite of the time consumed by his outside work, he had sufficient credits to win his diploma although he died several months before commencement.

The bent of the other Snowberger boys was towards farming. John and Jacob had a try at sod busting in Kansas. They staked claims with the

expectation of settling there, but the climate had aggravated John's incipient consumption into ruptures of the lungs which induced such severe hemorrhages that the boys knew it was high time to take the cure of Pennsylvania upland air.

They had no tales of thrilling adventures to tell about their attempts to tame the wild except one. One cool morning John was awakened by a sensation of a heavy weight on his chest. Opening his eyes, he beheld a big rattle snake coiled on his breast, apparently lulled to sleep by the comfortable warmth of its involuntary host.

Finds Unwelcome Visitor

Sluggish from cold, the reptile was dispatched before it could sink its deadly fangs, into its human bed fellow. A far greater potential danger were the germs of T. B. John's diseased lungs began bleeding. After several hemorrhages that fairly drenched the little frontier shack with blood, the boys pulled up stakes and returned to the healing mountain air of the Cove, too late, however, to repair the ravages of John's affliction, which had marked him for death at the age of twenty-eight years and some months.

Each of the adult Snowbergers went to work as soon as they were able. Nancy, the oldest daughter, went out to do house work. Annie and Mary chose dress making. They learned the trade with the late Ella Goodwin of Martinsburg. They walked the three miles between their home and the dress shop, except on days it rained or snowed. During inclement weather, they took the 4:45 a. m. train and sat in the railway waiting room until Miss Goodwin's shop opened at 9:00.

About once a month, Miss Goodwin gave the girls a quarter to buy her a chicken from their mother. Mary (Mrs. Fred Stern) often laughs at

the picture of herself as she trudged along the stony road carrying a live chicken to her employer.

Young Dan Snowberger, assigned to the job of brakeman on the Morrisons Cove Branch, well aware that the rules of the Pennsy are, if anything, more rigid than the edicts of the Medes and the Persians, made a solemn pledge with himself that he would obey them to the letter. In forty-six years of service he was put on the carpet for infraction of the rules but rarely.

Long Service on Cove Branch

Throughout his long service, Dan worked on the Morrisons Cove Branch, except for seven years on the Petersburg Branch. He became such a fixture that folks, returning to the old home place after a long absence amid other surroundings, would remark when the conductor came thru the coaches to collect the tickets, "I know I'm on the right train because here comes Dan Snowberger for the tickets."

He worked as a brakeman and baggage master for a period of a little over seven years before his promotion to passenger conductor on April 1, 1898. In case anyone should wonder, "Why brakeman?" the name fitted the job very well because the trains were equipped with hand brakes and the special duty of the "brakie" was to operate the link and pin hand brakes to shut off and turn on the power. He had to keep a sharp eye out that his hands were not caught.

In Dan's early years of service, many local passengers, taking their first train ride, made some laughable mistakes. Explaining to a man, traveling from Altoona to Williamsburg, that he was to change cars at Hollidaysburg, the conductor was much perturbed to see the man was still on the train after it had gone through Hollidaysburg.

"I thought I told you to change cars at Hollidaysburg," said Dan.

"I did," was the answer, "I went from that there car back there to this'n." He had gone from the back coach to the next one ahead.

Had Amusing Experiences

Dan's feelings were much calmer than were Conductor B. C. Knepper's the time the old Henrietta stopped to take on a woman at Rodman. The hand breaks got refractory. The brakie sweated and turned the wheel with main force, but in spite of his best efforts, the train lumbered a couple of lengths past the way station.

Puffing and wheezing, Mr. Knepper backed the train to the proper stopping place, only to be told by the woman to whom he had made courteous apology, "O, I wasn't intending to get on the train today, I just wanted to ask you what time you're going to pass through here tomorrow."

Dan would have to add up a long column of figures to compute the number of his friends and acquaintances. The passengers took it for granted he knew everybody. On one occasion a worried stranger asked him, "Is my wife on the train?" Dan had never seen the man before, nor did he know the woman from Eve.

In all the years he pulled the bell cord to signal the engineer, it always hung downward from the roof except once. The phenomenon of the bell cord hanging towards the roof was such a curiosity to Conductor Dan Snowberger that he had the picture taken as a memento.

Conductor B. C. Knepper was taking the train over the Petersburg Branch to Altoona, when it struck a broken rail. The coach, in which Mr. Knepper and Dan happened to be, uncoupled and rolled down the bank, coming to rest on its roof.

The two men were thrown in such

a way they became caught between the seats, and, outside of shock and some bruises, they were not severely hurt. When they got to their feet, after taking inventory and finding no broken bones, they saw the bell cord dangling toward the ceiling. Of course, everything else was upside down too, but that wasn't as funny looking as the bell cord in reverse.

Dan Was Lucky

Dan was equally as lucky in the wreck on the Morrisons Cove Branch on October 5, 1895, in which Engineer Davy Arthur and his fireman, David Good, were killed. The late summer and the succeeding autumn marked the period of the severest drought experienced in central Pennsylvania in the memory of anyone now living. Before cold weather set in all out-of-doors was seer and brown. Water was so scarce that the only sources of drinking water remaining were unfailing wells and springs.

The Henrietta train ran into a water train near what is now South Altoona. Mr. Good, caught between the engine and tender, was instantly killed. His crushed body was found with his right hand still grasping his shovel. Mr. Arthur lived a few hours.

What particularly saddened his fellow railroaders was the fact that Mr. Arthur was within a couple of months of retirement. To friends, who had urged him on account of failing health to retire before his service had officially expired, he invariably replied, "I want to work a little longer."

Conductor Jim Davis and Dan were thrown half the length of the coach they were in by the impact, but except for being badly shaken, neither was much injured. Henry Blackburn, fireman on the water train, fell to the ground between the engine and tender, escaping unhurt.

Train Was Snowbound

In recounting the most eventful in-

cidents of his railway service, Dan says the most unusual was the time the old Henrietta train became snow bound at Bassler Station, a mile west of Curry. Hopelessly stuck in the drifts, the locomotive gave up the struggle at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It "blew and sned" and it was so cold it is no exaggeration to say that the steam froze. The snow banked so high on either side that only the smoke stack stuck out.

They were stranded all night and the next day until the following night when they were dug out. During the interim, the train crew passed the time, listening to one of the fellows of the crew, Mr. Minnich, playing the guitar, and waiting for Lee Kauffman, George Stonerook or Roy Layman to wade through the snow with the next basket of food. Except for snow sifting in at every chink of the coach, the boys rather enjoyed the novelty of the situation.

Dan has come through without a scratch, but he well remembers the night he was just one step away from sudden death. It was a cold, snowy night in Huntingdon. He was standing on the platform of a freight, riding through the yard. Blinded by the snow, he was about to extend his foot from the bottom step of the car. At that identical moment No. 29, hitting the rails at seventy miles, rushed by, the suction so powerful it nearly pulled Dan loose from the hand rail. Just one step more would have knocked him into eternity.

Death Passed Him By

Altoona folks will be slow to forget the sensation created by the runaway freight of forty box cars that thundered down the mountain from Cresson and piled up in the yard opposite the passenger station at Altoona. Dan was walking by a box car in the yard. Suddenly a crash that seemed to rend the earth deafened his ears. The only thing he saw

was the hopper of a coal car shoot out over the roof of the box car at his side.

Never stopping to reason what had happened or why, he started to run. When he had time to think he congratulated himself that the box car had stood between him and his final exit.

While railroaders are hedged in by multitudinous red tape that would seem to take care of any possible situation, there are always unlooked for incidents that throw the burden of quick decision on the conductor and the engineer. No matter what the odds, you can bet on it that the train boys will decide that the "train must go."

To give an illustration: Some fourteen years ago when the Atlas Powder company plant exploded at Horrell, Dan and Christ Snyder were in charge of the Petersburg Branch train, scheduled to make its regular run shortly after the explosion. Warning had been flashed over the startled countryside that the fire was creeping towards the glycerine storage building.

The explosion that would result—well, it chilled the marrow in your bones just at thought of it. Orders were dispatched to Dan, "Pass plant if you think it safe."

Consulting with Mr Snyder, the two men decided they would take the chance. The train went by unharmed. Investigation revealed subsequently that the fire had stopped only a few feet from the glycerine storage house.

Proud to Serve the Pennsy

To the country boys and the others, who donned the blue uniform and brass buttons of train service, these outward signs of their employment signified an allegiance that had something of the fervor of a cause. They were proud of the Pennsy, glad to be a small cog in the great mechanism

upholding the prestige of the vast organization.

Unlike the mail man, who goes for a walk on his day off, Dan rarely took any train rides during vacations. The farthest railway journey he ever took was to Canton, Ohio, in 1900 to see President-elect William McKinley. It was a jolly crowd that went on an excursion to see the man, who won the presidency following one of the hottest political campaigns in United States history. It took some doing on the part of the G. O. P. to down William Jennings Bryan, the silver tongued orator from Nebraska, and his 16 to 1 rallying slogan.

One of the young men in Dan's group of fellow spirits was an Attorney Faulkner, of Bedford, native of Waterside. His wit kept the fun at high pitch throughout the trip. Arrived at the McKinley home the man fated for an assassin's bullet in such a short time, welcomed the delegation with an eloquent speech made from the front porch of his residence.

The crowd listened with rapt attention, evincing their complete accord with the tenor of his remarks by resounding applause. No sooner had the speaker bowed himself back into the house than the crowd charged forward to capture the chair on which McKinley had stood. In no time at all it was whittled and hacked into slivers and pieces. Dan managed to salvage a splinter but it became lost in the shuffle. After all the risk to life and limb, to say nothing of collar, hat and tie, he came away empty handed.

"Henrietta Local! Train for Eldorado, New Portage Junction, Hollidaysburg, Brookes Mill, McKee, Roaring Spring, Martinsburg, Curry and Henrietta."

Is there any one in Morrisons Cove who does not remember the stentorian voice of the train caller in the Altoona station as he intoned the loud

speaker effects on his announcements of departing trains?

"A-a-all a-bo-a-ard!" came the brakeman's warning call. Gathering packages and bags, the passenger made a dash to get aboard in time to get a seat, only to find it necessary to clamber up and down the platforms of a couple of other stationary trains in order to reach the Henrietta train standing on a track well removed from the depot gate. Talk about the trials and tribulation of the daily traveller on the Henrietta in its hey-day. It was a grand rush for it was a case of get there first or stand.

For sixty years the Henrietta train was as much a part and parcel of the lives of the folks living in sight or sound of it as the rotation of the seasons. To the traveller, it was the chief link to the outside world or the job in Altoona. To the stay-at-home resident, it was at once a time piece and a break in the monotony of the day. Old ladies, who never rode on the train in their lives, declared that the whistle of the locomotive was "company," meaning that the sound was so familiar a part of the daily routine that it was companionable.

Passenger Traffic Diminished

Well, the Morrisons Cove Branch, to paraphrase the song about the old gray mare, "Haint what she uster be." The section from Curry to Henrietta has been abandoned, the right of way growing up to divers sorts and condition of weeds, both native and alien, coming from nobody knows where.

Freight is hauled in nearly normal quantity between Altoona and Curry but the passenger traffic has been discontinued unless somebody wishes to cover the least number of miles in the most hours. However, back in the good old days before motor vehicles came into general use, it was a pretty important spur of the Pennsy.

Each one familiar with the Hen-

rietta Local could write a history of his own. A world of memories, pleasant, pathetic, humorous, unusual, are tied up with the Morrisons Cove branch train. The members of the crews, such names as Dan Snowberger, Jim Davis, George Smouse, John Spitznoggle, Bill Sheller, Christ Snyder, Sam Buck, Billy Gorsuch, J. R. Skeese, John Hunter, Arch Funk, Isaac Gates, John Bremmer and many others suggest all kind of major incidents in the lives of Cove people.

Ties of comradeship are very close among railroaders. The term "Brotherhood," as applied to their craft organization, very accurately describes the warm personal regard that exists among them. When Dan Snowberger speaks of these old pals of the road, his eyes kindle and the tones of his voice vibrate with feeling. It's been hard for him to sever the "ties that bind." However, Father Time and the relief doctor who says the engine behind Dan's ribs does not pump with the regularity required for active service, have decreed a rest.

There are compensations, he will tell you. The dictionary is one. Does some one ask, "How on earth could the dictionary be a compensation for anything?" To understand that, you have to be a word detective like Dan. As his friends will recall, he likes nothing better than to stall you on the definition of this, that or the other word.

Train of Nine Coaches

To go back to his railroading: In 1890 when he first went to work for the Pennsy, the Henrietta passenger train consisted of two coaches and a combination passenger and baggage car. At the peak it hauled nine coaches. Except for a slightly faded and scarred appearance resulting from age and honorable service, the old Henrietta matched the crack met-

ropolitan trains in length as it stood in the train shed at Altoona.

The passenger could identify it by Dan Snowberger and the fact that he had to lug his baggage over a couple of other trains before he could board it. In the "Twenties" as many as 900 shop men commuted daily to and from their work.

Up until folks began traveling in automobiles the train arrival was a great social institution all along the branch. Virtually all the young people in town flocked to the station to see the evening train come in. If any of the brakies failed to give the pretty girls the "once over" it was because they were getting old or settled or their eye sight was failing.

Many Types of Passengers

Dan says the train was a great place in which to get acquainted with human nature. Especially the human nature of the pass trippers, or as the paid passengers were accustomed to call them, the dead heads. While most of them courteously acceded to the ruling that they must give up their seats to paid passengers, when the latter were left standing in the rush for seats, some of them hung on to their seats with the tenacity of grim death.

Several, that Dan recalls, seemed to have the idea that they had an annual lease on their seat. They invariably sat in the same one and, in the event that Dan was obliged to ask them to vacate in favor of a paid ticket holder, they were mortally offended, stalking off the train with an air that gave the impression that they were going to complain to the president of the road forthwith.

It was interesting to note, Dan said, the difference in the type of passengers hauled throughout the history of the branch passenger service. During his early years as conductor, there were large numbers of salesmen, breezing in

from all parts of the country, eager to show off their sophistication and to swap gossip and stories with all who cared to listen. In later years, commuters, working people and school pupils, formed the major part of the regular patrons.

Problems of Conductor

Likely the passengers often thought to themselves, "O, for the easy life of a train conductor." However the conductor had a great deal more responsibility than to pull the bell cord and to walk up the aisle punching tickets. What he had to really sweat over was his reports. If he varied a penny or so, he had the whole Middle Division on his back.

A case in point: On a run over the Cumberland Branch, a string of special Pullman cars was attached to take a delegation of bakers to a convention at Bedford Springs. A passenger, routed to Bedford by way of Broad Top, decided to join some of his pals on the special. The difference in his fare was one dollar. When Dan turned it in, the wires from Philadelphia began to hum. The train master's office, the superintendent and the auditors, were asking, "What's the matter? Have you lifted the wrong ticket?"

The average person, if he ever gives the matter any thought at all, doubtless is under the impression that the big boys, who hitch their private cars on the Pennsy trains, ride all over the system scott free. On the contrary, they pay well for the privilege. However, the conductor of the train does not collect the special tickets by walking through the private car. The tickets, ensconced in an envelope, are handed to him on a silver salver by a servant, usually a colored flunky, in the retinue of the private passenger.

Hauls Schwab's Private Car

While not many private cars were

hailed on any of Dan's runs, Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, occasionally rode in his private car from Altoona to Williamsburg. His unassuming affability and pleasant greetings as he boarded the train or departed from it made a great hit with the crew. An ebon servant with an astonishingly expansive smile customarily distributed tips of similar expansiveness.

Dan still runs true to form in point of the fact that he usually prefaces his conversation with: "That reminds me of a story." He forestalled the beginning of the interviewer's pencil work by telling one about Mike and Pat:

"D'ye see anything of my boots?" asked Mike of Pat.

"Begorry," answers Pat, "An are you sure you had 'em on when you took 'em off?"

He followed that one by little Mary's cogitation about the moon.

"Are there people living on the moon?" she quizzed her teacher.

"Yes, the moon is presumed to be inhabited," answered the fount of knowledge.

"Well, wouldn't they get awfully squeezed when the moon shrinks to a quarter?" continued Mary, in quest of further information.

Youngest Of Family

Born on April 27, 1872, Dan will reach retirement age within a few weeks. He is the baby of the family. Mrs. Fred Stern, of Oak Grove, the next youngest, is the only other member of the family to survive. Their parents were Daniel D. and Mattie Smith Snowberger. The latter was a native of the vicinity of McAllisterville, in Juniata county. Becoming homesick during her early married life, Mrs. Snowberger took her first born baby in her arms and rode on horseback to visit her mother at the old homestead.

Dan lives alone in his cozy home at Henrietta. The duties of cook and dishwasher, taking care of the pretty

grounds about the house, and games of bingo with the neighbors, help him to pass the time very agreeably.

S. F. Campbell Tells of Early Day Events

Measured by the inquisitorial eyes of the recruiting officer, the boy stood with squared shoulders and head raised to the topmost notch his rigidly held spine and neck would permit. He knew he was under height to be a soldier but, with the optimism of youth, he hoped his lack of size would go unnoticed.

"How old are you?" snapped the voice with military brusqueness.

"Eighteen," manfully lied the boy.

"Hump! What's your occupation?"

"Mule skinner."

"Refused on account of being undersized."

While perhaps the exact language has not been quoted, the above colloquy in effect explains how Samuel F. Campbell missed getting into the Union army during the Rebellion.

It is true he was only sixteen years old, but he had done a man's work since he was knee high to a duck, as the saying is, and for some weeks before he made his application for enlistment into the army, he had been working at the great federal horse and mule corral at Union Deposit, close to where the town of Hershey now stands.

Employed As Teamster

Samuel, at sixteen, was no mama's boy, coaxing for spending money to have a good time. He was earning \$25 and beef and beans monthly in the employ of the government as a teamster, making daily trips between Union Deposit and Harrisburg to haul supplies to the corral. In case his help was needed to subdue a balky horse or an unruly mule, he was on the spot to lend a hand.

Who, caught by the spirited action of pictures of dashing calvarymen of the Civil War mounted on plunging horses, has given thought to the fact that those horses had to be first trained and hardened for war service? Colts, kickers, untamed vicious, all manner of horse and mule flesh, were jumbled together with steady, harness and saddle horses at Union Deposit to be gentled and conditioned for the grueling hardships on the firing line.

Drovers scoured the country buying strong, sound horses and mules, regardless of meanness or crankiness and dumping them into the corral where the toughest men that ever wore shoe leather put them through their paces.

Many Horses in Union Corral

At the time young Samuel Campbell practiced the trade of mule skinning in 1865, there always were seven or eight thousand horses and several hundred mules in the Union Deposit corral. The corral was maintained on twenty acres of land leased by Uncle Sam from Senator Simon Cameron for \$1,000.00 annually and the manure. According to Mr. Campbell's information this land is now owned by Mr. Hershey, the candy manufacturer. It may be that the candy factory stands on the identical site of the corral. In addition to the long sheds that sheltered the horses, the rough buildings that housed the men, the hay and straw stacks and the yard in which the mules were turned, open and unprotected against storm, rain or snow, there was a wide race course on which

the horses were run to train them for gait, speed and endurance.

Cow boys, some fresh from the great plains, whooped, yipped and swung their lariats. The horse never was foaled that they couldn't break to the saddle and, as for the mule skimmers, they were so tough that all they needed was to get a mule by the ear or the tail and they had him cold. A kicking rampageous mule was their meat. Mr. Campbell says that nothing less than a bullet would have killed the mule skimmers. Mules couldn't do it.

Many Teams In Wagon Trains

Wagon trains of a hundred teams or more wound over the roads between Harrisburg and Union Deposit. The hauling served the double purpose of moving necessary supplies and day early in 1865, teamster Samuel Campbell was a little late in reporting to his wagon boss, a down east Yankee.

"Where have you been?" he asked the boy sternly.

"I just stopped a bit in Harrisburg, sir."

"I know very well where you stopped. You went to Camp Curtin to enlist and they wouldn't take you because you are too small," replied the boss.

That was exactly what had happened. The wagon boss twitted the youngster a good deal, taking his attempt to enlist as a joke. There was a pretty close bond between Sammie and his boss, which grew out of the fact that both spoke English. Most of the men at the corral were from the southeastern part of the state. They were out-and-out Pennsylvania Dutchmen, conversing together exclusively in Dutch, dialect Mr. Campbell had failed to learn.

Mr. Campbell, while refused as a soldier, had seen much of the sorrow and tribulation of the Rebellion. A native of Fulton county, his home

community was subjected to frequent foraging raids by the rebels. Furthermore he lived close to the scene of the first battle of the war to take place on Pennsylvania soil.

No, you're wrong. It wasn't Gettysburg. The first battle in Pennsylvania was at McConnellsburg. It was only a skirmish to be sure, but the Johnnies put a company of state militia from Mifflintown on the run and for a time it looked as if the enemy was going to take Fulton county but a detachment of Union regulars soon put them to rout.

Soldiers Were Destitute

As Mr. Campbell says, the Johnnies had followed the retreat of a Union regiment from Winchester, Va. Disorganized by the death of their commanding officer, the blue coats retreated northward, eventually taking up quarters in McConnellsburg, about 500 strong. The Johnnies, so ragged that they looked like scare crows, some of them, as Mr. Campbell saw with his own eyes, shoeless, with spurs strapped on their bare feet, kept on the heels of the blue coats, meanwhile raiding the farms and homes in their path, of anything they could lay their hands on. It seemed they could smell out the horses in what their owners had considered to be the safest and most secure hiding places.

Following the dispersion of the Mifflintown county militia, who ran at the first fire, the regulars at McConnellsburg marched out and sent the Johnnies flying. Two of them were left dead. There were no Union casualties. The two rebels that were killed were buried without much ceremony inside the fence at the west fork of the road.

Some years ago the bodies were removed on account of a change in the highway right of way. Notice was sent to the Sons of the Confederacy, several of whom came up from Vir-

ginia and had the remains re-interred. A monument has been erected to mark the resting place of these two victims of the first battle of the Civil War on Pennsylvania soil. The date inscribed on the monument is June 9, 1863.

Fear of Invasion

Faced with the imminent peril of invasion, one can imagine the uneasiness of the people of Fulton county. They never knew when some Johnnie or a band of them would appear and demand food, clothing, cattle, horses or anything else they needed. Naturally the natives resented being at the mercy of the enemy. But as Mr. Campbell says, what could they do? It was war.

The Union army was doing the same in the south. War may seem heroic when you read about it but to an invaded territory it means waste and destruction of property, with death and bloodshed in its wake. It knows not mercy nor human kindness.

"There oughtn't to be any dumb people now."

The above statement made by Samuel F. Campbell is based on the unlimited educational opportunities available to every child in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. As janitor of the New Enterprise consolidated schools for a period of eleven and one-half years he had personal observation of the scope and efficiency of our modern public school system.

Contrasting the schools of today with the crude backwoods school he attended as a boy, he has never ceased to marvel at the great advancement in educational facilities. Surely, he believes the human brain cannot resist the learning that is waiting to be poured into it.

It would be hard to draw a comparison between the log shack in West Dublin township, Fulton county, where little Sammie Campbell learn-

ed his a-b-abs and the school in which he served as janitor in later years.

Old Log Schoolhouse

In the first place the log alleged schoolhouse was a subscription school. No further information need be given to prove that it was built at the least possible expense. The ceiling was so low a tall man could scarcely have stood erect in the room. A log or two had been left out at the sides to admit of single window sash which could be slid back and forth in grooves in the logs at such times as ventilation was required.

Rough slab benches stood in front of boards laid on pegs driven between the logs, which served as desks when the "scholars" engaged in writing. The contraption that did duty as a stove was something strange and curious. Neither a Franklin or a tentplate, it antedated any other model for which Mr. Campbell ever heard a trade name.

Whatever could have been said about its lack of good looks, it had a fire box large enough to hold huge billets of wood which flamed and roared out the chimney, leaving behind hardly sufficient heat to warm the room. At call of the teacher for classes, the pupils stood before him, toeing a crack in the puncheon floor to keep in a straight line.

Irish School Teacher

The school was presided over by an Irishman by the name of Patrick Fury. Belying his name, Mr. Fury's disposition was extremely easy going and his methods were vastly less than formal. Apparently promptness was a somewhat unfamiliar virtue. At such times as he had to miss breakfast in order to appear at the school house in time to call the boys and girls to books, his wife presently came bustling in with an iron skillet, containing flitch or whatever else was on the breakfast menu, and the family coffee pot, which she proceeded to

set on the stove to heat.

Between classes, while juvenile heads pored over books and juvenile lips conned the lessons half aloud, Teacher Fury eked out his meagre salary by whittling ax handles out of tough hickory.

Sammie Campbell must have been a favorite of his teacher. At any rate he invited the boy to dinner. The youthful guest was ushered to the table on which was set a roast goose served in a half of a wooden butter bowl. A stack of buckwheat cakes reposing alongside the fowl, completed the bill of fare.

Although the Fury table was minus dishes, each individual had a plate of sorts but Sammie was shy a knife and fork. Working on the theory that hands were made before knives and forks, the Irish schoolmaster and his good wife were not in the least embarrassed that they had not enough of these eating implements to go round. When Sammie had need of either, Mrs. Fury obligingly lent him one of hers.

Primitive Life in Fulton Co.

That gives an idea of the primitive mode of life in rural Fulton county in Mr. Campbell's boyhood. People were forced to live on what they raised. From the farm crops they drew their food and fashioned furniture, clothing and the plow, harrow, shovel plow, stone sled and, perhaps, a wagon, which were all the tools a young man needed to set himself up at farming.

Waste was a crime. Only by dint of rigid saving could the rural families manage to get along. Although Mother Campbell made candles, she cautioned the children against using them except when absolutely necessary. Well Mr. Campbell remembers that his mother many times threw pine knots on the fire in the fireplace to make light to work by at night.

Mr. Campbell was born March 26, 1848. He was the third child of a large family, born to Joseph F. and Eliza (Price) Campbell. Besides Mr. Campbell, two of his sisters, Mrs. Sara Davis of Loysburg and Mrs. Mary Gracey of Altoona, and a brother, Ross, the baby of the family, residing in Pittsburgh, are still living. The combined ages of the four make a total of 325 years.

As the family name implies, the Campbells are of Scottish descent. Mr. Campbell's foreparents came to America from Scotland in 1774 and settled near Philadelphia. Here they became associated with some other folks by the name of Campbell, who, by the way, were no blood relation.

Through intermarriage, the two clans joined their lot in the new world. John, of the one clan, married a daughter of Robert Campbell of the other "tribe." Mr. Campbell's grandfather and two of his brothers married sisters of the surname of Oliver. All told, there were five families. Hearing in some manner of the offer of 500 acres of land in Mifflin county at the price of \$500, the heads of the five families pooled their resources and bought the land sight unseen.

Clear Land in Mifflin Co.

On account of rumors of Indian forays, the men went alone the first year to clear the land, leaving the women at home. Clearing seven acres, which they sowed to wheat, the men returned to their old home for winter, moving their families, cattle and horses to the new location the following spring. While they suffered no molestation by the savages, they were in such imminent danger of attack that the men did not dare leave the women and children unprotected in the cabins but took them along when they worked in the fields.

The five Campbells made a good bargain when they bought their pig in a poke. They were so well pleased

that some of that selfsame land remained in the family name through direct line of descent until five or six years ago. However, the majority of the descendants of the five Mifflin County Campbells went west. Some of them kept on going until they reached the Pacific coast, eventually settling in Oregon and California.

The "west fever" finally attacked Mr. Campbell's father. In 1855 he and his family said goodbye to Fulton county and left to settle in Illinois. But the hills of Pennsylvania called them back after a brief trial of living on the level lowlands of the Mississippi basin.

They had made the trip westward by railroad, boarding the cars at Mt. Union, but coming back they traveled up the Ohio river from Quincey, Ill., to Pittsburgh in a trading boat, the journey consuming fourteen days: Sammie did not find the time long. There were so many interesting sights at each landing, such a diversity of merchandise loaded and unloaded, that he was kept busy watching that he did not miss anything worth a boy's exploratory eyes. But the time the boat got to Pittsburgh, he felt he was quite a seasoned traveler.

Bad news awaited them at the railway depot. They found out they had just missed the train to Altoona. That meant a wait of twelve hours. At that time there were only two trains a day running between Pittsburgh and Altoona, one in the morning and the other in the evening.

(To Be Continued)

Travelers on the Lincoln highway sometimes get the impression that the chief function of the section of this great trans-continental road leading over the seven mountains is to provide enterprising young men with an excuse for putting up a hot dog stand.

Every eminence commanding a far-flung panorama of unexcelled scen-

ery is occupied by Bill's, Tom's, Dick's or Harry's place, where weiner, ham, lamb or almost any other kind of sandwich, with or without this or that brand of appetizer, is served the hungry wayfarer in double quick time.

Strange as it may seem these refreshment stands, mushroom growths developed from the trade of motorists, nearly all occupy locations of taverns that offered accommodations for man and beast in the days when wagon trains creaked over the road.

Sights of "strings of wagons," as recalled by Samuel F. Campbell on what is now the Lincoln highway afforded him, perhaps, the chief distraction of his boyhood, so frugal of the joys of existence. Wagons bound for Baltimore, Pittsburgh or Philadelphia, drawn by two, three or four teams of horses or mules, lumbered through the ruts and breakers.

Ponderous Conestogas with high ark beds, passed by, laden with cargoes that intrigued the imagination—flour, grain, pig iron, leather, store goods, whiskey and as Rev. C. W. Karns of Loysburg recalls, live oysters in the shell submerged in sea water, their native element. A method, by the way, which, after the lapse of so many years, is again utilized in this motor age to guarantee absolute freshness of the tasty bivalves to the inland dweller.

Lincoln Is Main Highway

From Mr. Campbell's account of the heavy traffic in his youth, one can readily see that the Lincoln has always been the main artery of transportation in this country. Only the methods of travel have changed. The horse and wagon have been succeeded by the motor car. The old time taverns with their commodious wagon yards and stables; their savory kitchens and lusty tap rooms, have given place (shades of Epicure, what a thought!) to quick lunch counters. Whiskey at fifteen cents a gallon has

yielded to beer at fifteen cents a bottle.

While the Conestoga, the ship of the highways, so nobly served the purpose of facilitating trade, the farm wagon did duty equally well in hauling loads on the individual farms. Each farmer, affluent enough to afford it, had a wagon of course. Many farmers in Fulton county living in the vicinity of Mr. Campbell's home were too poor to raise the cash to buy a wagon of any description.

They used a stone sled as a makeshift, but the best substitute for a wagon was a boy on a horse. If the pressing need was a grist of flour, the answer was to send a boy on horseback with a bag of grain to be ground at the mill. Whatever the errand, whether to the mill, store, post-office, doctor, granny, blacksmith shop, or what not, it was performed by a boy on horseback.

Learned to Ride Early

Boys learned to ride almost as soon as they could walk. They could sit a horse bare-back like a centaur. Of course, when they reached "sparking" age, they graduated to the dignity of father's saddle. The girl rode behind holding to the boy with both arms and, proving that actions speak louder than words, she exerted a pressure that indicated the state of her feeling for him. Cantering along the tree shaded roads, riding double, was lots of fun as Mr. Campbell will tell you.

If there was a spill now and then that was a mere triviality. The supple young riders were like cats. They could fall off a horse and land on their feet. One lovely Sunday when young Samuel Campbell took his girl for a ride, the horse, feeling its oats, kicked up its heels and galloped at top speed. The animal's high spirits merely added to the enjoyment of the riders until the saddle girth broke. Away they went, hurtling to the ground.

Scrambling up, they found themselves unharmed, miles from nowhere and with nothing to mend the girth. In those days it was a poor stick of a fellow that looked for help in time of emergency. Any young man worth his salt could help himself, no matter what befell. Samuel had a knife in his pocket and he soon repaired the damage with part of the hitching strap.

Necessity Stimulates Ambition

Mr. Campbell declares that the ability of old timers to pull themselves up by their own boot straps, so to speak, was the reason why America has arrived at the world pinnacle of material greatness. No worse calamity, in his estimation, could have overtaken us than the general distribution of the dole. By removing the spur of necessity, it stifles ambition and the desire for self-help, thereby reducing a large part of our population to a state of dependency on the self-supporting.

This condition violates what for a century and a half was the world's conception of true Americanism. The influx of foreigners, too, is breaking down the traditional spirit of individual independence.

Although life in Mr. Campbell's youth was pared to the bone, devoid of luxuries, yes even what today we regard as the simplest comforts, folks were more contented then than now. Never having had anything better they were thankful for the blessing of crops which attended their labors and from which they could glean their food and clothing.

Mr. Campbell's mother until middle life hadn't even a bake oven. She baked her bread in a Dutch oven, setting the dough to rise in a bread basket then baking it in the fireplace by keeping the oven covered with hot coals. Can you imagine a modern housewife keeping her tongue and temper under an endurance test like

that? Yet the taste of mother's crusty hearth baked loaves still lingers in Mr. Campbell's memory.

Mode of Dress Varies

In the spring of the year when the sun began turning on heat enough to bring out sweat, life on the frontier sometimes palled on Sammie Campbell. His tow shirt worked against his peace of mind. Prickly bits of hull that clung to the flaxen fibers scratched and itched his skin until he squirmed. He did not suffer long, however, before taking measures to work a cure.

Taking off his shirt he sawed it back and forth vigorously across the trunk of a maple tree. That rubbed the linen smooth and did no perceptible damage to the durability of the shirt. Homespun surely must have been the next thing to armor plate in point of lasting qualities.

A curious quirk of human nature that puzzles him is the trend of current fashions to wear the minimum amount of clothing the law allows now when clothes of all description are to be had at the nearest store or delivered to your door. In the days when every stitch that was worn had to be processed from raw flax and wool by the hands of the wearer, everyone was heavily dressed. In fact clothes were put on in layers.

The bare arms, backs and legs of today would have thrown the old timers into a panic. They would have run with sheep shears and flax hackles to repair the lack. Since the young people, thinly clad, seem to be none the worse off in their health, Mr. Campbell infers that clothes were only a habit; we can get used to many or few — with or without, one might say.

Value of Dollar Changes

Mr. Campbell keeps up to the minute in current events. He is particularly interested in the value of the dollar in its relation to gold. Follow-

ing the Civil War silver and gold were so scarce that hard money was withdrawn from circulation. Shin plasters in the denominations of 3, 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents were used for change. The dollar was issued in greenbacks. At one time, he remembers that it took \$3.30 in greenbacks to equal a dollar in gold.

The result was inflation. Prices soared. Muslin went up to 75c a yard and coffee was so high that the common people could not afford to buy it. They made substitutes out of browned rye or chicory. People got along well enough without money because they made by hand the things they were unable to buy. But today, when money is an absolute necessity, inflation works severe hardships on the common people.

Mr. Campbell's education, like Topsy, "just grewed." He had so little schooling that he must have acquired it by a process of absorption. He is so well informed on subjects of current interest that he can carry his end of a discussion on almost any subject, in a very interesting manner.

The greatest penalty of old age, he says, is leisure. He finds it tedious to be "tied" to a rocking chair. He'd much rather work. The other summer he helped Mr. Ira Creps maintain dairy farm sanitation by sweeping the barnyard every fair day. That was an innovation that would have surprised the old-timers beyond belief. The rigid sanitation imposed by the state law would have been considered an infringement of their rights as free citizens.

Came to Cove Many Years Ago

Mr. Campbell came to the Cove sixty-four years ago, living the greater part of the time in Loysburg or New Enterprise. In his earlier years he was a miller, following the trade at Woodbury, Loysburg, Yellow Creek, Replogle and Hall's Mills. After his retirement some twenty years

ago, he filled the position of janitor in the New Enterprise schools, continuing in that capacity until several years ago when injuries suffered in an accident at the school forced his retirement.

His wife, deceased, was Sarah Elizabeth Wolf, a daughter of Zachariah Wolf. Six children were born to this union, five of whom survive, as follows: Mrs. Mary Metzker, widow of John Metzker, of New Enterprise; Eliza, wife of Harry Guyer, of Akron, Ohio; Ira Campbell, of Yellow Creek; Guy Campbell, of Detroit; and Joe Campbell, of Claysburg. A son George died a number of years ago.

A staunch Republican, Mr. Campbell served on the Bedford county poor board for twelve years and held

the offices of school director and road supervisor in South Woodbury township for several terms. He was brought up a blue stocking Presbyterian. While church discipline has been somewhat relaxed as to the strictness of the Sabbath observance, he heartily subscribes to the tenets of the church. Throughout his life he has observed the Golden Rule as his code of conduct.

At the present time Mr. Campbell lives with his granddaughter, Mrs. Roy Creps. Mr. and Mrs. Creps and their charming little son Ronny have an apartment in the farm home of Mr. Creps' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Creps, who reside a mile and a half east of Curryville.

Early Recollections of Jacob S. Wareham

(Jacob S. Wareham, the narrator of this article, died Oct. 24, 1937.)

Sharp eyes had spied a familiar figure plodding through the long sunset shadows lacing the dusty road.

"O-oh! it's grandmother," pipes a gleeful voice. Rushing pell-mell, Jackie Wareham and his little brothers and sisters shout happy greetings to Grandmother Wareham, who had come on one of her rare visits to her son Michael's farm in Snake Spring Valley.

The old lady had walked all the way from her home in Bakers Summit making the distance of twenty miles from sunrise to sunset. In spite of her eighty years, Mrs. Wareham made light of the long hike. Her reply to the question, "Are you tired?" likely would have brought forth the retort, "Pshaw! Twenty miles is nothing to make a fuss about. I'm feeling right pert, thank you." Of course, she would not have used those

exact words but the statement accurately describes her sentiment.

They made women in more heroic mould in those days. They were so little removed from frontier life that strength of muscle and endurance were natural developments from hard work in the fields alongside their men.

As a rule the only means of travel available to most of them was horseback riding or shank's mare. A walk therefore of twenty miles in a day, even for a hardy woman of eighty years, was a commonplace in Grandmother Wareham's work-a-day world. At that, she was not nearly so strong as her sister, Aunt Hettie Pote, Aunt Hettie thought nothing of lifting a barrel of cider off the ground and loading it upon a wagon.

Rather Strenuous Life

As Jacob S. Wareham, of East Allegheny street, Martinsburg, well remembers when his thoughts, as they so often do, roam among the scenes

of his childhood in Snake Spring Valley, that life was pretty strenuous in the 'Sixties and 'Seventies. Men and women of necessity had to be strong to survive the grueling stress of doing everything that had to be done by hand labor.

Every stitch of clothing on the backs of the Wareham family — the parents and their six children — every piece of cloth used in the household, even the carpets on the floor, were made from the flax patch on the farm and the fleece from the flock of sheep that grazed in the woods and the meadow.

Mr. Wareham has a linen sheet, prized souvenir of his mother's industry. It calls to his mind the spinning wheels in h's mother's kitchen. She was such an indefatigable spinner that she had four spinning wheels — two large and two small ones. Her operation of the big spinning wheel was such a fascinating occupation that it held her small boy's unflagging interest.

Today a child's education is not considered complete unless he has access to a book of knowledge which explains by the printed words how the work of the world is carried on. Little Jakie Wareham had no use for a book of knowledge which painstakingly purported to describe the intricacies of the industrial arts.

Daily Routine Was Education

Unfolded before his eager eyes as part of the daily routine on the farm was the entire process of the manufacture of cloth from the flax stalk growing in the field and wool on the backs of the sheep that made such playful pets when they were lambs, until the lindsey-woolsey or flannel came off his mother's loom.

He saw the loaf of bread baked in his mother's brick oven evolve from the seed wheat his father broadcast over the plowed field. Nor by any means was he an idle by-stander

while this series of manufacturing processes was being done. No, from the time he was big enough to lend a hand, he took part in the work. Mr. Wareham will tell you that learning by doing has learning by reading beaten by a mile.

Early in the spring at oats sowing time, Father Wareham set aside a half acre or so of the field for flax seeding. In August when the flax was ripe, Jakie helped to pull up the stalks by the roots, tie it into little sheaves and shock it up to dry.

After it was dry, it was hauled into the barn where the men broke or threshed it with flails in order to loosen the sheath or bark which contained the fibre used in cloth. As Mr. Wareham says, the inside or pith of the stalk was of no use. As a matter of fact when the stalks were threshed, they were hauled to the field again and laid in windrows to ret.

Exposed to the sun and rain for a period of six weeks decay had retted the pith. Again all hands turned in to break, scutch and hackle. Breaking separated the wood from the fibres. Then it was scutched or beaten until the fibres were separated from each other and, finally, it was hackled or combed until the fibres were fine as silk. Says Mr. Wareham, it is astonishing what a big pile of fibres this exhausting labor extracted from the tough brown unpromising looking flax bark.

The Spinning Wheel

Now it was ready for spinning or twisting the filaments into tread. Here mother took charge. With what efficiency and grace of movement she spun! So many steps back, so many steps forward, back and forth she paced, throwing her arms with unconscious grace as she whirled the wheel and manipulated the fibre from distaff to spindle. She was so accustomed to spinning that her every movement was as rhythmic and auto-

matic as those of a finished piano player.

Whether flax or wool, the process was the same. To spin yarn from wool, father first had to catch the sheep. In the case of a vicious old ram, the catching was no job for a tenderfoot. However, father was equal to handling anything that wore hoofs and a coat of wool and could say baa. After shearing, greasing — yes, a pound or two of lard was worked into the wool — washing and picking, it was taken to the factory to be carded into rolls.

It was from these rolls that mother spun the yarn, dyed it with walnut bark, wove it on her loom and finally cut out and sewed Jacob's yearly suit. One woolen suit, good for Sunday and every day wear, one summer suit, wammus, cap, sundry shirts and stockings and one pair of boots completed his wardrobe for a year.

It did not require more than a couple of nails on the wooden wall strip in his bedroom on which to hang all the clothing he possessed. If his suit wore out in spots, a patch was sewed on, but more than his allotted one winter and one summer suit was out of the question.

Weaving was no undertaking for an amateur. First the warp strands had to be measured the length of the web and fastened to the beams. Then the weft had to be tied on the heddles or frames and the shuttle. Working the treadle by foot power and deftly throwing the shuttle alternately to the right and left, mother spent days at her loom. In spite of modern conveniences, where would the mothers of today find time to spin and weave?

Readin, ritin, rithmetic and lickin were the subjects most of the scholars majored in at the school in Snake Spring Valley where Jacob S. Wareham got his education. In the interest of accuracy it must be confess-

ed, however, that 'Squire B. F. Jamison, late of Loysburg, the teacher during most of Mr. Wareham's schooling, gave a thorough grounding in all the other common school branches, especially grammar.

The 'Squire was a stickler for correct English. He insisted on the pupils using the spoken language by the book. Therefore he demanded that the larger scholars know their conjugations and declensions.

But he by no means ran to brains to the exclusion of muscle. He had a mighty arm, which practice with the stout rods kept standing by his desk, maintained in efficient condition to dust off britches.

Remembers Punishment

Mr. Wareham has a clear recollection of the first sample he got of 'Squire Jamison's prowess. Caught up to their ears in mischief, little Jakie and two boon companions, Jacob Snyder and Joseph Wyles, late father of Mrs. Ella Gartland, of Curryville, were called before the teacher for punishment.

"How many lashes?" asked Mr. Jamison of Jakie, as he flourished his stick. Well the dismayed culprit knew that if he made the strokes too few the sentence would be painfully more severe. Hence the lad mustered up his courage and answered, "Three."

"How many for you?" he queried of Jacob Snyder.

Jakie Snyder followed precedent and he too answered, "Three."

"And you, Joseph?"

"One," volunteered the doughty Joe.

"Very well," spoke up Mr. Jamison, "all of you are equally guilty. The other boys are getting three lashes and you deserve the same punishment, so I'll put three in one for you."

And that is what he did. When it came Joseph's turn, the teacher put all he had in the stroke. The blow

fell with such force that it nearly knocked the recipient off his feet.

Curriculum Lacked History

It is a pity that the curriculum did not include a course in local history. At the time Mr. Wareham was diligently applying himself to spelling and arithmetic, there were many elderly folks living in the community, who could have supplied a great fund of family tradition about the stirring colonial events of Snake Spring Valley, a region rich in Indian lore.

'Squire Jamison, had his method of instruction been less circumscribed by limits of the text books, might have told his pupils how Snake Spring Valley got its name. Not, as you might suppose, because the translucent spring was infested with snakes, but because it was believed to have been the camping grounds of a band of Snake Indians.

Explaining how Tussey mountain, which attains its highest elevation in proximity to Everett, got its name, he could have told that it was named for Mrs. Elizabeth Tussey, a widow, who made a living on the raw frontier for herself and her children by running a pack horse freight service between Chambersburg and Bedford in the decade before the Revolutionary war. It is said that when she sold her farm at Mount Dallas she rode horse back all the way to Philadelphia to acknowledge the deed. Before Tussey mountain was finally named in her honor, it had been known as Terrace mountain.

On the south side of the Juniata river, across from Mount Dallas, Mr. Jamison could have taken his pupils to the site of the Indian town of Alliquippa. Before her removal to Turtle Creek around 1750, Queen Alliquippa ruled over the Indian settlement, manifesting an intelligence on a scale far superior to the common run of savages. The dusky queen lived on friendly terms with the whites,

who showed her the respect her royal dignity demanded.

Indian Stories Related

At the time Jacob S. Wareham was a school urchin, ruins of the Indian graveyard at Alliquippa could have been pointed out. Some of the old-timers declared that the Indian warriors had been buried sitting down, dressed in full war regalia, and with their faces turned towards the rising sun.

Then, too, the town of Bloody Run changed its name to Everett. Perhaps 'Squire Jamison could have told why it had been named Bloody Run in the first place. It was taken for granted that the waters of the stream ran red consequent to an Indian massacre but the real facts are lost in oblivion and for the sake of euphony the name suggestive of its sturdy history was heedlessly replaced by one with little or no meaning.

Had he cared to wax personal, the squire might have told some thrilling first hand recollections of the Civil War for he had been a Union soldier, wounded at the battle of Antietam and for a time confined in Libbey prison.

But the term was short, only four months long. The school master was expected to stick to his text books and not fritter his time away telling stories that could as well be left to the loafers at the blacksmith shop, the store or the home fireside. Therefore only the facts perpetuated in the black and white of printer's ink were thought worthy of imparting to juvenile minds in the schoolroom.

Interesting Family History

While we are on the subject of history, there was so much of it on Mr. Wareham's mother's side of the family that the story of the lives and achievement of her forebears embraced to a large extent the leading

events in the development of Snake Spring Valley.

Mr. Wareham is a son of Michael and Catherine Wareham. He was born March 18, 1863. Michael Wareham was a son of Joseph Wareham, who immigrated from England and settled at Potetown near Bakers Summit where he followed his chosen trades of plasterer and shoemaker. The subject of our sketch is unable to trace his ancestry on his paternal side farther back than his grandfathered Michael Wareham, the Englishman.

His mother was Catherine Snyder, daughter of Jacob Snyder, who was a son of Jacob Snyder. Originally hailing from Berkley county Virginia, the first Jacob Snyder moved into Snake Spring Valley from Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1784.

It would be perfectly in order to call him Jacob Snyder, the first, not alone because of his priority over the numerous other Jacob Snyders that came after him but because he was first in so many things. He not only was one of the first settlers in the valley, but he enjoyed the distinction of being the first school teacher in his district, the first deacon in the Snake Spring Valley Church of the Brethren congregation and still not satisfied with his list of first honors, he built the first meeting house and took a leading part in arranging for the first love feast to be held by his denomination in the valley.

Built Log Shack In Valley

When he first came to the valley he built a log shack in the wilderness, rearing the walls for shelter and using the bare ground for a floor. In this crude, rough dwelling he raised his children until they were grown.

By this time increasing prosperity warranted the building of a more pretentious house. Deciding on brick as the material, he imported brick layers from Virginia and proceeded to

build the first brick house in the valley. His three daughters carried the hods for the brick layers and the rest of the family, pitching in with enthusiasm, the house soon was finished.

The living quarters were in the basement through which ran a cool, clear spring of water. Taking advantage of the blessings of nature, Mr. Snyder, as was the case with so many Pennsylvania pioneers, saw to it that he had running water in the house by bringing the house to the water instead of water to the house.

Now we shall proceed to the second story of the house. And here is the really remarkable feature of this historic structure. The entire second floor, 33 by 33 feet in dimension, was laid off in one room.

The purpose was to dedicate it for use as a church. So you see the first Jacob Snyder, devoutly religious, built his house both as his family abode and a church in which the people of the German Baptist or Dunkard faith could worship God in accordance with the tenets of their faith and the dictates of their conscience.

It served as a church from 1807 until 1860 when the congregation erected a meeting house more adequate to the greatly expanded need of the rapidly increasing congregation. Mr. Wareham has a faint recollection of the old brick house, abandoned before his birth. His impression is of a desolate place, so dark inside that it was not very reassuring to a little boy bent in exploring its cob-webbed recesses. It eventually was blown down in a storm.

A child's cry wailed through the night.

The parents, awakened, discovered that their house was on fire. It was in the dead of winter, with the temperature close to zero and snow lay drifted on the ground.

Arousing the rest of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wareham went into action to save what they could from the flames. Warmly wrapping Baby Andy, who was sick, and whose cry during fitful restlessness in the night had awakened his parents, Mother Wareham carried him to the safety of the barn.

Although he was only twelve or fourteen years of age, their son Jacob needed no instructions. Hastily jumping into trousers and wammus and pulling his boots over his bare feet, he ran through the snow to Aunt Betsy Snyder's house a half mile away to seek help. Every high drift he floundered through sifted quantities of snow down his boot tops, chilling his bare legs to the freezing point.

Seeks Help During Fire

Paying no attention to his discomforts, he never stopped until, breathless and almost spent, he reached Aunt Betsy's bedside. Shaking her frantically he cried, "Unser house ish afire."

"Sis net so," sputtered the astonished lady, coming out of the unconsciousness of sleep with her senses somewhat befuddled.

However, they lost no time. Soon she and her brother, Uncle Jacob, started to run with young Jacob back across the fields to the burning house. Meantime while the children were scurrying over the neighborhood to summon assistance, Father Wareham, seeing that the fire had started in the summer house adjacent to the big house, tried by his own strength to upset the summer house in order to protect the main dwelling. But great as his strength, doubled by desperation was, he was unable to do it. In bare feet and night clothes, he fought the fire, excitement making him impervious to the cold.

Sometime untoward always happens at a fire. In after years, it is funny to tell about but at the time it

causes no end of annoyance. Some well meaning folks while the Wareham house was on fire tried to carry a heavy bureau down stairs with the result that the massive piece of furniture stuck fast in the stairway and could not be budged. Thereafter the would-be rescuers were forced to crawl over the bureau on going up or down stairs.

Exceptional Strength Displayed

Sam Snyder long afterwards used to tell that he never knew how strong he was until the night of the fire. He carried a barrel of vinegar out of the cellar all by himself. For that matter, Jacob Brumbaugh over in the Cove, then living near New Enterprise, also discovered his latent strength in time of emergency. He got under a wagon load of hay in his barn and shoved it, wagon and all, to one side, when an accident made it imperative to move the wagon at once to save the horses from injury.

Physical strength was common in those days. While they lacked science at boxing, in fact did not box at all perhaps, such men as Bill Forney, Jake Dunkle, Big Dan Snyder, old Sammy Wyles, in the valley, and Jacob Miller, in the Cove, would have been a match in strength to Carnera, the man mountain, or any other professional strong man of today.

However, as Mr. Wareham says, these men were not belligerent. They weren't in the habit of walking around with a chip on their shoulders, looking for someone to knock it off. Rather they utilized their muscular energy at the hard work of making their living with their hands.

House and Furniture Burned

Well, we suddenly went off at a tangent while the Wareham house was burning. With all the good intentions in the world, the fire fighters were unable to save the house and but very little of the furnishings.

Among the losses were all of Mother Wareham's spinning wheels. However, Father Wareham built a new house in the spring and furnished it completely. Andrew Wareham, whose crying the night of the fire aroused the sleeping household, resides with his family in the house that was built to replace the old one. He owns the Wareham homestead farm.

The Wareham family resumed its usual routine. Jacob and his brothers and sisters went to school in the winter. In the summer there was plenty of work to keep them out of mischief. At the Armstrong school Teacher Jamison, who also was singing teacher as a side line, indulged his love of singing at frequent intervals.

In the morning after books, after recess, after school took up at one o'clock and again after recess in the afternoon, the entire school joined lustily in singing, "Nellie Gray," "O, Susannah" and the patriotic songs to which the Civil War had given impetus. As there were anywhere from fifty to seventy pupils, they raised a volume of sound that shook the rafters.

Desk Moved For Variety

Every once in a while, the teacher added variety to the scene by moving the benches around. They were long benches almost as long as the room. Sometimes they were arranged in rows with the desks pushed together so that the pupils were seated facing each other. Sometimes the desk formed a hollow square. The teachers had such peculiar ideas about changing the position of the desks that the pupils never knew whether they would be turned towards the north, east, south or west.

Summer time was work time. Jackie was always willing and ready to do all that he could but he got a little tired of driving the horses day after day in the horse-power thrashing machine. The horses, six of them,

went round and round in a circle, to furnish the power to run the chaff piler thrashing machine.

Along about supper time, after a whole day of watching the horses go round the ring, Jacob began to feel dizzy. He had to watch his step constantly so that he wouldn't fall on the tumble shaft. Preacher William Ritchey's wife, while driving the horses in the horse-power machine, lost her footing and fell on the tumble shaft in such a manner that her hair was pulled out of her scalp. Mrs. Ritchey was the mother of Mrs. D. I. Pepple of Woodbury.

The chaff piler thrashed out the wheat and chaff together so that the men thrashed one day and turned the wind mill the next in order to separate the wheat from the chaff.

The thud of hoofs, the staccato click of iron shoes striking sparks from the stony road, was music to the ears of the old-timers in Snake Spring Valley. The horse was king. He not only was absolutely essential to carrying-on farming, in times of leisure, horse racing afforded the men the keenest diversion of their hard working careers.

Mr. Wareham tells about a mile long stretch of road in the vicinity of his home, which the "jockies" in the neighborhood had adapted to the sport of racing. It was a part of the public highway but no one passing by but would halt his journey in order to give the horsemen the right of way.

There was no gambling, the sole idea of the races having been to see which horse was the fastest. Sam, Jake and George Snyder, Sam Botenfield and Jake Hershberger prided themselves on having particularly fine horses. While none was pedigreed, they were thoroughbreds just the same and their shining coats and arched necks testified to the care and training of their masters.

Therefore the horse that came out first put his owner on top of the world insofar as the opinion of his pals was concerned. The orthodox church people, of course, did not approve of such worldly indulgence. As a small boy, Jakie Wareham got quite a thrill out of watching these contests. The transformation of the stolid farmers into gay sportsmen was as interesting as the speed of the horses.

Good Ancestors Essential

Mr. Wareham says that next to being an honest, reliable man yourself is to have good ancestors. He declares he does not need to be ashamed of his. Surely the little we have sketched in about them in this series of articles proves them to have been sincere, God-fearing people, well endowed to set a pattern to those that follow after.

Any one acquainted with Jacob Wareham also will feel that his posterity can justly say of him that he has upheld the family tradition and character to the letter.

According to his philosophy therefore the question, "What's in a name?" is not an idle query. A family name carries with it all the strength and weakness of those that bear it. It behooves each succeeding generation to add rather than detract from its standing in the community and pass it on untarnished.

The name of Jacob Snyder was so popular among his descendants that it was difficult to distinguish among them all. Hence there were Big Jakes, Little Jakes and Jake, who lived here and Jake, who lived there. The Snyder sons also were given the good old Bible names until eventually the Dans and Johns were so numerous that they had to put a handle on them to differentiate one from the other, because even the middle initials came to be similar.

There were Big Dan, Clover Dan, Dan R. and various Johns in the Val-

ley and here in Morrisons Cove we had Fancy John Snyder. In his younger days he dressed so well that he was the "glass of fashion and the mould of form." As the majority of the Snyders were plain in their attire Fancy John was in a class by himself.

While Mr. Wareham was an infant, too young at the time of the Civil War to realize what a terrific national disaster it was, he heard a great deal of talk about it in after years. His father had three brothers in the war. During the scare incident to General Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, Father Wareham each night took his horses to a hiding place on the mountain and each morning brought them back.

Children Established Homes

Gradually Mr. Wareham and his brothers and sisters married and left the old home to establish homes of their own. The Michael Wareham family was not large. There were only six children, Elizabeth, the oldest, who married Jacob Ritchey, is dead. Joseph, the fourth one, also is deceased. Margaret lives at Everett. Andrew lives on the homestead farm, and Mrs. Mary B. Summers is dead.

Jacob was united in marriage with Annie K. Mock, daughter of David B. and Susie Gochnour Mock, February 7, 1889. They drove to Fredericksburg to the home of Reverend John W. Brumbaugh, who tied the knot. Following the wedding, they took up housekeeping on the Sam Burger farm two miles west of New Enterprise, close to the Brumbaugh still house.

In a few years they moved to their farm in Taylor Township. So we see, through Jacob Wareham, Morrisons Cove shared with Snake Spring Valley the reputation of listing a Wareham farm among its land titles.

A family of nine children bless the union, as follows: Susie, wife of Levi

Sollenberger, of Curryville; John, Katherine, David, Paul and Jesse, of Martinsburg, Irvin of Taylor township, and Roscoe, of Hyndman. Elizabeth Pearl died at fifteen months of age.

Mrs. Wareham died on Easter Sunday, April 12, 1936.

Since his retirement from farming, Mr. Wareham has lived in his fine, up-to-date brick house on East Allegheny street, Martinsburg. The rear of the lot adjoins the Memorial park, which, because of his son John's connection with it in the capacity of manager, is a center of family interest.

Joins In Park Activities

Mr. Wareham is not too old in spirit to enjoy participating in the park activities. He realizes that the old world is moving forward at a rapid pace. He is progressive enough to step with the tempo of the times in all things that are a benefit to mankind but he says the modern ease of living admits of too much leisure time. There is such a multiplicity of distractions that the boys and girls are being enticed with ever "more ways of doing wrong."

From sickle to the grain combine;

the spring wagon to the airplane; pine knots and coal oil to electricity; hymn lining and long meter to the radio; the spring to the spigot; the ten plate stove to the gas furnace, bread baked in a Dutch oven over the coals to loaves ready sliced delivered to the door, constitute such a vast advancement in the scale of living as to seem impossible to crowd into one life time.

Mr. Wareham has had the inestimable privilege to see all these wonders come to pass. He feels a deep sense of gratitude that he has lived in this era of great mechanical and scientific discoveries because they not only make life easier, but they give one so much to think and speculate about.

Speaking of bread, Miss Katherine, who is her father's housekeeper and homemaker, enlightened the present writer about the method of baking in an outside brick oven. They had one on the farm. Instead of keeping the fire going during the baking process, as the unformed scribe supposed, it is scraped out before the bread is put into the oven, the heat retained being sufficient to bake the bread.

W. P. Blake Recalls Boyhood Days

The author of "Bygone Days" is glad to stand by and give up her space this week to Rev. W. P. Blake, of Hyattsville, Maryland, valued subscriber of The Herald for the length of an average life time.

Rev. Blake comes from an honored family in the Cove. Various of its members have upheld the traditions of Methodism and have actively engaged in its advancement for many years. Retired from the ministry, Rev. Blake writes in a vein that shows his heartfelt interest still lies in pastoral work. He says he will

be eighty years old on November 14.

As the following interesting excerpt from a recent letter to The Herald reveals, mention in a previous installment awoke a train of recollections of boyhood days in his old home in the Cove:

Rev. Blake's article follows:

The Snowberger letters are always read with much interest and real pleasure. Her reference to the old style bake oven, awakened the memories of my childhood. How well I recall that old bake oven in what we called our wash house, though why

I didn't know—it was a two roomed house in the first story.

The room where the oven stood had just a dirt floor, the other room was the smoke house, where hung the flitches, hams, etc., for smoking. A stairway led to the one large room upstairs. We often kept corn there on the floor and once I can remember I saw several brass horns which belonged to some band.

But to the bake oven, I used to hang around when mother would take from the oven fine juicy rhubarb pies, of which I was wanting a large piece. My! did you ever smell a good rhubarb pie! I don't know any more tempting smell. As I grew older it was part of my weekly tasks to split wood for the fire in the bake oven, four foot wood in length and split fine enough to make a good fire.

We would fill the oven with wood, put fire to it, and when the wood was burned up mother would rake out all the ashes and coals, so as to have a clean bottom, then put her hand in to test the heat, and finding it right she would then put the pans of loaves on a long handled wood spade, and slip them into place in the oven.

Last in would be the pies, which would come out first, not requiring so much time for baking, as the bread. I think the bread required about an hour for baking, coming out a beautiful brown, and that was good bread. Often I had taken five bushel of wheat in our one-horse wagon to Klepser's Mill to grind, and would bring home our share of flour, midlings and bran, the miller taking his toll for grinding.

I think I can safely say here that was "the good old way, in the good old days." You never see bread like that now. You don't know just how fine a taste there is to a whole slice, well buttered and then spread all over with applebutter, such as I used to help mother to make. I took the

apples to the cider mill, Mock's on Piney Creek, came home with a barrel of cider, and then came the snitzing, at which some of the neighbors often assisted.

Then early in the morning we put on the large copper kettle and began boiling down the cider, and at the proper time the snitz were put in and also the long-handled wooden stirers to stir all day till that barrel of cider, and about three bushels of apples were boiled down to some nine gallons, or a few more.

Mother boiled it so stiff, that when cold, you could take it out in slices. It always needed to be thinned with water to be used as a spread on the table. Sometimes we would have applebutter tarts that were tempting to anyone.

I am here reminded of a story my mother-in-law used to tell of how the Yankee soldiers had rifled their spring house of milk and had broken up their applebutter crocks, spilling the contents on the floor. The soldiers were hunting for the men who might be hiding out, and when they inquired if any were around, the reply was "The last I saw of them they said they were going up on Dry Run somewhere."

That was what they had said, but she knew they were resting still as mice, just overhead in the spring house loft. So, I suppose it was not so bad after all. Although the applebutter was lost, the men were safe. Oh, that war scared us too. As a boy I spent part of a night down along the mountain, hiding from the threatened invasion of soldiers through Loysburg gap, but we got brave and returned home in the early morning, and the soldiers did not come into the Cove.

Now just a word in conclusion: Morrisons Cove is beautiful from end to end. Get up on the high points and look it over, and grow senti-

mental — a little, any way — and let your soul expand, as your eyes sparkle while drinking in the scene spread out before you. And maybe you'll break forth: Breathes there a

man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, This is my Own, My Native Land — whose heart hath ne'er within him burned, as home his footsteps he hath turned.

Legends Handed Down From Colonial Days

Although many stirring events in the history of our country prove that the "pen is mightier than the sword," the settlers in Morrisons Cove and adjacent areas had no recourse whatever to the expediency of the written record. Thus many thrilling incidents that happened to our ancestors in their determination to clear farms out of the untrodden wilderness, have passed into oblivion with the death of those who had personal recollection of them.

Yet these narrow valleys fortified by natural barriers of forbidding mountain ranges, which flung the challenge of their great fertility to the white race struggling for conquest of nature and aborigines, have a history whose human interest is unequalled. It is unfortunate that no scribe wrote nor wandering troubadour set to music the colonial legends and stories thus preserving them for posterity.

Whiling away the dull hours during the incessant rain of last Sunday, the present writer culled some of the hair raising experiences found in the Waterman, Watkins and Company history of Bedford and Fulton counties, published in 1884. Doubtless compiled from family tradition, the following stories are submitted to the readers of *The Herald* solely for the sake of their intrinsic interest.

Here is one about a daughter of Rinehart Replogle, militiaman during the Revolutionary war and "progenitor of the Replogles of Morrisons Cove." The girl, as the story goes,

was captured by the Indians who broke in upon a husking party. During her captivity a young brave pestered her with his demands that she marry him. This was so distasteful that she determined to make her escape to her home in Bloomfield township. Eluding the vigilance of the savages, she eventually reached her father's house, exhausted and nearly starved.

As the author relates, "she had been several days without food, when in her wanderings she discovered the remains of a pole-cat, a part of which she ate and so gained strength to continue her journey."

* * * *

Gideon Rowser, a noted hunter, who settled on Chestnut ridge, Napier township, Bedford county, once, while chasing a bear, exhausted his ammunition shooting at the animal but without making a vital hit. The bear slightly wounded, took refuge from its pursuer in a tree. Nothing daunted the hunter, armed only with a hatchet, climbed up after Bruin.

The Bear, preparing to defend itself, thrust a paw upon a limb in order to climb down to the hunter. With lightning stroke the man took his hatchet and cut off the beast's claws, following up his advantage by cutting off the claws of the other front paw. Helpless with pain the bear fell out of the tree after which Mr. Rowser bore in on the beast and killed it with his hatchet and a hand spike.

* * * *

Mention has been made heretofore in "By-Gone Days" of the transportation of live oysters by wagons before the railroads diverted the major part of the freight that once passed over the highways.

According to the Waterman-Watkins history, Alvin Adams, founder of the Adams Express Company, started his famous transportation service in 1835, by running a fleet of wagons out of Baltimore in order to supply distant cities with fresh oysters.

From this effort to bring the fish market within easy reach of the consumer, he branched out into a regular express business. Prior to the opening of the Pennsylvania railroad, Mr. Adams ran four-horse express wagons, keeping relays of fresh horses in readiness at stations ten or twelve miles apart. They covered long distance in astonishingly quick time.

* * * *

While Yellow Creek, not yet a place name, was merely a stream of muddy water flowing through wild, sparsely settled country, William Lane drove in from Chester county with two lumbering wagons. Tradition has it that the wagons were loaded with silver money.

Whether this is true or not, Mr. Lane was very wealthy. In partnership with one, Thomas Davis, he bought large tracts of land on either side of Yellow Creek. In 1801 he built a furnace at Hopewell and at near about the same time he started a forge near Yellow Creek for the manufacture of nails. This, the forerunner of Lemnos Forge, was called the "slitting mills."

Although he started off propitiously to add to his initial wagon loads of silver by prosecuting the iron industry, Mr. Lane lost the major part of his fortune in litigation. Of a contentious nature, he was continu-

ously mixed up in law suits of one kind or another. He died suddenly while on his way to Martinsburg to hold an arbitration.

* * * *

Jacob Steel, boatman, who lived along the Juniata river, not far from Hopewell, made his living floating flour, grain and produce for the Morrisons Cove settlers down river to metropolitan markets. He built water-tight arks seventy to eighty feet long, sixteen feet wide and five or six feet high. Loading his cargo in the arks, he let them drift with the current, steering their course by means of a pole. At their destination he took them apart and sold the lumber. It is not stated how he got back.

* * * *

In 1835 a destructive forest fire threatened to lay waste to the Broad Top region. A neighborhood character, Mose Donaldson, given to profanity, frightened, dropped to his knees and prayed for rain. A neighbor, surprising Mose in his unaccustomed devotions, remarked, "Don't you know the prayer of a wicked man availeth nothing?"

Mose jumped up exclaiming, "You're a liar," profanely describing the kind of a liar his interrogator was. Rain began falling in five minutes.

* * * *

Martin Stoler and his family settled on Warriors ridge near Stoler's Run. During an Indian uprising the Stolars were forced to flee to Maryland for safety, remaining there for a period of seven years. Returning to their old home after the expiration of that time they were astonished to see turnips growing in what had been their garden patch and some thrifty young apple trees on the premises.

The turnips and apple trees evidently had grown from seed that had been scattered about during their

former residence there. Off-shoots of these identical trees were still standing in the orchard on the Stoler ground in 1844 when the history book was printed.

* * * *

George Peck, pioneer of Ray's Cove relied on hexerie to protect himself and his family from the Indians. Therefore he drew a circle around his premises pronouncing appropriate incantations. So strong was his faith in the magic circle that he, his wife and two children, remained in their cabin when all the other settlers in the vicinity fled to Ford Bedford on being apprised of the approach of an Indian raiding party.

On August 19, 1782, Barnard Dougherty, of Bedford, penned the sequel to the story. He wrote, "On the 8th inst. were found killed and

scalped about eighteen miles on this side of the town of Bedford and within half a mile of the Great Road, one Peck, his wife and two children and his house burnt."

* * * *

Christian King and his family living near Three Springs, were abducted by the Indians. Mr. King was taken in one direction while his wife and child were taken in another. After two or three years, Mrs. King and her child, succeeded in making a get-away.

They returned home. Nearing her cabin, she saw her husband, who also had escaped from his captors and had just arrived at the old homestead. Each had mourned the other as dead. Their surprise and joy can better be imagined than described.

Roaring Spring Site of Ventures

Now that the Roaring Spring semi-centennial celebration has brought the history of the town to the forefront, comparisons between "then and now" doubtless have pointed many a lusty tale told by the old timers with enduring interest.

In spite of the fact that it sits in a gorge which makes the traveler unaware of the town until he drops down upon it from the thoroughfares leading to it, Roaring Spring needs offer no apology to anybody, be he local resident or cosmopolitan.

Perhaps no situation could be less adapted to be the site of a town, but it has triumphed nobly over natural handicaps. Its tortuous streets climbing up hill and sloping down dale are lined with as beautiful homes as are to be found anywhere.

The hand of man has evolved a fit setting for the incomparable spring which gushes from the deep defile

in the heart of the town and which originally provided the power for the great industry responsible for the building of Roaring Spring.

Settled In Colonial Times

While its history as a borough extends back but fifty years, its settlement by the white man reaches into colonial times. As the late D. M. Bare recounts in his unassuming, but invaluable book, "Looking Eighty Years Backward," Daniel Ullery, progenitor of many Roaring Spring residents bought the "Mill Seat Tract" containing the spring, from Edward Sanders on March 16, 1780.

The said Daniel Ullery devised it to his son John Ullery by will dated Jan. 2, 1781. John Ullery's acceptance of the property was filed with the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania on July 24, 1795.

Ullery Home Near Spring

It is said Daniel Ullery built his

log cabin home on the flat about one hundred yards north of the spring. Family tradition has it that Mrs. Ullery was accustomed, when the menu called for fish, to repair to the spring house and spear a mess of eels for breakfast with a two tined fork.

The even tenor of their pioneer mode of existence was not entirely care free for stories of Indian invasions were still fresh enough in their recollection to perhaps cause a sense of uneasiness.

During the Revolutionary War, the savages had attacked the Houser farmstead, now the Homer Guyer home, and had killed the father of the family, Jacob Houser, and his son John. They chased another son, Martin, through the woods, pursuing him for three days. Martin, as family legend goes, ran the shoes off his feet, but ran to such good advantage that he made his escape.

Abducted By Indians

At the time Daniel Ullery bought it, one of the boundaries was limited by "the barrens," indicating that even before the land was fully cleared, there were areas in the Cove whose top soil was too thin to support the thrifty growth of forest trees that prevailed in the primitive wilderness.

On one side the "Mill Seat Tract" was bounded by land of one Lindsay. Evidently neighbors of the Ullerys were few. Over in Pleasant Valley, now known as Plum Creek, there were some Hoover, Houser and Brumbaugh families living at the time. Elsewhere in what now comprises Taylor township, we have record of Jacob Neff, Nathan Reef, John Low-er and the Martins.

Another son and a daughter, Rachel, were abducted by the Indians. They were taken to Detroit. The young man escaped after two years' captivity. Rachel was released after a period of seven years. Her mother, it is said, paid a man \$20 to conduct

Rachel to Pittsburgh. She married Nicholas Barron, Jr. of Somerset township, in Somerset county. There she lived a normal life to old age, fulfilling the manifold duties of a pioneer house wife and raising a family of ten children.

Mrs. Houser was away from home at the time the Indians descended upon her hapless family. It is told that she was in Pittsburgh when the tragedy occurred that made her a widow and deprived her of three of her children. However, she lost no time in repining but took upon herself the task of running the farm.

According to transcripts of deeds in the Recorder's office at Hollidaysburg, Christian Hoover and his wife Anna Houser Hoover, held title to land near the present site of Roaring Spring in the 1790's. While it is not definitely established, it may be that Mrs. Christian Hoover formerly was the widow of the Mr. Houser who was massacred by the Indians.

Residents Loved Soil

Something of the love of the soil and their ambition to hand down a likely heritage to their children is expressed in the romantic names these early Taylor township settlers gave to their raw clearings. For instance one of the tracts purchased by the Housers from Conrad Brumbaugh was called Blooming Grove. Further elaboration of the description in the deed states that the tract lay in Pleasant Valley. Blooming Grove in Pleasant Valley has a sound that calls up visions of Utopia.

In 1789, the land grant shows, Jacob Houser bought a tract designated as "for Hager's Town" and Martin purchased "Plane field." It is quite evident that the Housers' terrible experience with the Indians did not result in discouraging their efforts at civilizing the wilds destined in course of time to become the environs of Roaring Spring.

The story of Jacob Neff, the Dunker miller, who chose to forswear the tenets of the church against the shedding of blood, in standing a duel with a pair of Indians, has become familiarly known since Cove residents have been aroused to take an active interest in local history.

Surprised by the Indians, who took a pot shot at him as he was about to unlock the wheel of what probably was Ullery's Mill, although it is described as Neff's mill in Jones' History of the Juniata Valley, Neff retaliated by killing one of the Indians.

Taking to his heels, he was pursued by the remaining savage. As Neff was about to be overtaken, he stopped to face the Indian. The duel then resolved itself into a contest to see which one could load his gun and draw the quicker. Neff won. Instead of shooting it out as a white man would have done, the red skin threw away his gun and sought to distract Neff's aim by the ruse of "joking" the bullet. However, the miller kept his eye on the gun sight and soon dispatched the Indian.

Nathan Reef, another employe at this selfsame mill, also killed a red skin and lived to tell his grandchildren about it. On the lookout for Indians, who were in the habit of crawling under the floor of the mill and shooting between the cracks of the boards, Reef answered with a return fire and shot one of the marauders. Thereafter Mr. Reef disguised himself by wearing a full beard in order to save his scalp from the vengeance of the savages, who never forgot nor forgave the blood letting of one of their tribesmen.

Thus it is seen that the frontier days of Roaring Spring were fraught with adventures sufficiently thrilling to hold the interest of the present generation that enjoys the material comforts of a civilization for which

the forefathers laid so firm a foundation.

One of the persons who is getting keen delight out of the Roaring Spring Golden Anniversary celebration this week is Samuel A. Hamilton, who at the time that the borough was created fifty years ago was railroad station agent and telegrapher at the place.

Mr. Hamilton, a resident of Huntingdon, is now connected in an official way with the big William F. Gable store in Altoona, and this week has been representing his firm at the celebration where he has been meeting many old friends.

Mr. Hamilton when the Gable store was opened to the public on March 1, 1884, made the first purchase, and for many years was a close friend of the founder, William F. Gable. When he retired from the railroad service several years ago, he refused to enter into a period of idleness and soon established a contact with the Gable store, being of great help to the present head, George P. Gable.

Prominent In New Borough

Mr. Hamilton was in Roaring Spring for a period of twenty years and entered into the civic, social and religious activities of the new community.

He was chosen as the borough's second burgess, and is now the oldest living burgess of the borough. As such he has been paid special honors during the week.

The Herald some weeks ago asked Mr. Hamilton to write a reminiscent story of Roaring Spring as he saw it in the olden days. The result is a most interesting narrative, and his contribution will be one of the most valuable publications of the Golden Anniversary.

Recalls Johnstown Flood

There is so much of interest and value in Mr. Hamilton's article that The Herald refrains from commenting

upon any one part of it with but one exception, and that is the part that Roaring Spring and other towns and villages of the Cove played in maintaining telegraphic and telephone communications between the Pennsylvania railroad offices in Altoona and the main office in Philadelphia following the Johnstown flood forty-eight years ago.

Roaring Spring was an important place on the map during that strenuous period. Here is a story that has never been fully told before. At the time it made history.

We'll let Mr. Hamilton tell it in his own words:

—
BY SAMUEL A. HAMILTON
—

Assistant to the President of the
William F. Gable Co.

Prior to my appointment as agent of the Pennsylvania, effective December 1, 1885, for the two years preceding I acted as extra agent at various points on what was then known as the Altoona Division. This included Hollidaysburg, McKee, Roaring Spring and Martinsburg, relieving the agents at these points from time to time when absent because of sickness or on vacation.

When I visit Roaring Spring now I note the wonderful changes which have taken place during the fifty years since I became a permanent resident of the town. There have been momentous changes. Roaring Spring's pioneer manufacturer and merchant D. M. Bare, has passed away as also have his two sons-in-law, who had succeeded him in his various industries—A. L. Garver and E. G. Bobb.

Beginning of Expansion

At the time of my advent in the winter of 1885, Roaring Spring was just about beginning the surge forward which produced in the next ten years the remodeled and enlarged pa-

per mill, the Roaring Spring Blank Book Company, the Roaring Spring Planing Mill, and the remodeled and enlarged Bare Milling Company grist mill which passed under several managements during that period.

One of the pioneers during this industrial revival was D. R. Wike, probably the foremost paper mechanical engineer of his time, to whose efforts the great prosperity of the D. M. Bare Paper Company was largely due. Mr. Wike was inventive, sincere, adaptable, full of resources, and entirely devoted to the service of D. M. Bare, his co-worker in the various Roaring Spring enterprises.

Then as now, the one thing above all others that brought prosperity to the town was the celebrated "Roaring Spring," the largest, finest spring of pure, cool water to be found in the interior of Pennsylvania.

At that time the water from the spring ran into a forebay near the Bare Milling Company mill, thence it was piped to the paper mill.

Paper Sometimes Spoiled

Thus of course it met with many impurities such as soot, dust, chips, etc., to get into the pulp from the paper and in many cases spoiling a batch, causing considerable loss.

To avoid this Mr. Wike took a portion of the water in a large iron pipe placed at the mouth of the spring, and ever since that time the water has been taken direct from that point to the various parts of the paper mill pure and clear, just as it comes from the earth.

Shortly after my advent in Roaring Spring a crowd of us residents conversed on the origin of the stream which formed the Roaring Spring, that is, where the reservoir underground was located from which this water came in such enormous quantities. One of those persons at the time lived at a point between Martinsburg and Curry and stated that he

believed that his well had tapped the stream which came out at the Roaring Spring.

Of course we were loathe to believe this, and he said that he was going to attempt to prove this and stated that the bottom of his well was not a pool of still water, but inside was an opening through which an incoming stream passed continuously. The next day about 9 o'clock the surface of the spring was covered with chaff which was removed with considerable difficulty.

Well Was on Spring Stream

It was supposed, of course, that some one had dumped an old chaff-tick into the spring, because of some grudge against the paper mill people. That evening the person to whom I allude above, came to me, quietly, swore me into secrecy, and told me he had dumped the contents of an old chaff-tick down his well, about 5 o'clock that morning. This proved to me conclusively that his well was a tap on the underground stream which formed the Roaring Spring. From the indications, I got the impression that this water came from the mountains adjacent to Henrietta.

One thing remarkable about his stream, and ever noticeable, before they piped the water from the mountains to the spring, was the fact that no matter how hard it rained or how long a dry spell there was, I could never notice a rise or fall in the spring dam. I kept a water gauge on the spring for many years and never saw as much as an inch variance due to the above causes.

Saw Community Develop

I can look back with much pleasure to the many fine people who were my friends during the 20 years that I lived at Roaring Spring, from December 1, 1885, to December 1, 1905. I watched the town develop from the small village it was when I first went there to the fine upstanding borough

filled with prosperous factories at the time I left.

Those now in charge of the industries at Roaring Spring were children when I went there and I look back with much pleasure to the many happy days I spent in this charming town of Roaring Spring. I will always hold a fine place in my memory for it.

Mr. D. M. Bare, who might well be called the patron of the town, was immersed in his public relations, and his church work, and was misjudged by some people. Those who knew him knew that he had a very fine sense of humor.

One day while in his office he turned to me with a smile: "Sam, I just had a funny experience. John Jones, (one who was known to be the town's loafer) met me at the top of the hill near the company store and said, 'Mr. Bare, do you have a good easy job that pays well at the paper mill, that I could get?'"

"I looked at him a moment and then said, 'Mr. Jones, I am sorry, there is only one easy well paying job at the paper mill, and I have it myself.' (Of course the name used is fictitious.)

Mr. Bare was not credited with one-tenth of the fine charitable things he did. He exemplified to the limit the biblical injunction not to let his left hand know what his right hand doeth.

Did Not Appeal in Vain

Many persons, in want, in need of advice, or assistance appealed to him, and not one worthy ever appealed in vain. I have always been glad to know that from the very beginning of my residence in Roaring Spring until I left I was one of his sincere friends.

During all the years I lived at Roaring Spring it was well known that it was a political hotbed. Being young and ambitious myself, I began early to take interest in political

things and gathered around me for material advancement a coterie of active young political workers, in both the town and Taylor township. We banded together for our mutual advantage. I being elected as the leader or mouth-piece to deal with those desiring the service of the active young politicians of these two districts.

When the town was about to be erected into a borough great pressure was brought on me to become a candidate for burgess, but I declined to do so. I felt this honor ought to go to Edwin G. Bobb, and it was so arranged, and Mr. Bobb had no opposition.

Was Second Burgess

At that time the term was for one year and at the expiration of the year we again elected Mr. Bobb, but he declined to accept a third term and I was elected to the position, and continued in the office of burgess for a period of five years, when I stepped aside, believing that some other person should have an opportunity to fill the office.

During my term of office as burgess I was, by virtue thereof, the presiding officer of the council. At that time there was no president of council; the burgess acted as such. During this period the Roaring Spring water-works was built and I do know that no water works was ever built as cheaply or as well.

The water commission appointed by the council was D. M. Bare, president; D. R. Wike, vice president; S. A. Hamilton, secretary. Mr. Wike acted as consulting engineer. By doing this it saved the expense of a regular engineer. We had had the line built by contract and I drew the plans, and supervised the work on the job.

Harman Malone of Hollidaysburg took the contract for digging the ditches, laying the pipe, and back filling at 70 cents per rod. This was about one-third less than this had

been done during that time at any point in Central Pennsylvania as I had got contract rates in the towns surrounding. In addition, Mr. Malone was given actual cost in blasting through a small portion of solid limestone rock.

Water Plant Was a Success

The water works when completed covered five miles and six feet of various sizes of pipe, and was a complete success in every way. We borrowed \$10,000 from Townsend Whelen and Company, Philadelphia, at a low rate of interest and the water-works paid for itself from the beginning. We were always sorry that we did not go to the banks and borrow the money on short notes instead of using bonds.

When the water was turned on it was found that the pressure was 245 pounds to the square inch. We had to put in a reducing valve which cut the pressure down to 95 pounds to the square inch. I have also realized since that when we built the water-works we should have also built a complete sewage system, as money was cheap and plentiful, with 20-40 bonds.

When I married two years after acquiring residence in Roaring Spring I had great difficulty in obtaining a house in which to live, finally renting the Lutheran parsonage.

This house was badly in need of paint and paper on the inside and I painted the interior myself, my first and only job of painting. In the meantime I looked about for a location to build a home, finally selecting a site next to Mr. Horace Hair opposite the freight station on the edge of what was known as the Maple Grove —later the Park Grove.

I lived in this home for the best seventeen years of my married life, and regretted very much the necessity of leaving. When I sold it I got more than double the price when

new, so the vast increase in the value of real estate in that length of time can readily be seen.

Recalls Johnstown Flood

Probably the most interesting event of my life as representative of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Roaring Spring occurred at the time of the Johnstown flood. I heard of the flood on the day after Johnstown was washed away. A young farmer living near Roaring Spring who had traveled to Johnstown had saved his horse, but his buggy was wrecked, and he rode home and spread the news in Roaring Spring.

That same day I was in Altoona and the railroad officials were despairing, they had no means of communication with the general offices at Harrisburg, Pittsburgh or Philadelphia, as the wires were all down, bridges swept away, and tracks along the line were destroyed for miles.

The following morning I determined to make an effort to communicate with my brother-in-law, who was chief clerk of the baggage department at Broad Street Station.

By overland telephone service I called Will Nicodemus, the cashier of the Martinsburg bank, and asked if he could get the Waterside Exchange. He said he could.

Then I asked him to ask Waterside if they could get the Western Union office at Bedford. The reply came back that they could. I then sent a short message to my brother-in-law by telephone to the Western Union at Bedford, and over the Western Union lines to Philadelphia.

Hears From Philadelphia

In about two hours the answer came back that they were all right but that the general manager of the P. R. R. desired to know if I had communication with Altoona; and if so, to hold the lines open from Bedford, and to put on as large a force as necessary, to keep them

open day and night.

I then arranged to have three men at Bedford Western Union office, three at Waterside, three at Martinsburg, and three on each of two lines at Roaring Spring to work in 8-hour shifts until further notice.

I then called the Altoona superintendent's office and told them what I had done, on orders of the general manager, and stated that we would work one hour one way, and another hour the other way, so that we could keep communications going both ways.

I also notified the general manager that we were ready. We started first to receive messages for Philadelphia continuously for one hour, by this time a large number had accumulated at the Bedford Western Union office.

We worked for an hour on these and kept this up alternating in and out, service for the next four days, this being the only means of communication between the general superintendent's office in Altoona, and the general manager's office at the Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Messages Written by Hand

You will realize what it meant when I tell you that at each intermediate place these messages had to be taken down in longhand over one telephone and repeated over another line to be taken down in long-hand at the other end, until they finally reached Altoona or Philadelphia, according to the direction in which they were going.

During these four days I did not have my clothes off, taking short naps on chairs in my office. But, after communication was restored between Altoona and Philadelphia, over the Pennsylvania railroad, I took a week off for rest and sleep.

When I first came to live in Roaring Spring the paper mill was a comparatively small one, as paper mills would be considered now. But short-

ly after my advent a reorganization of the company gave Mr. Bare control, and with Mr. Wike at the mechanical end, they began a campaign of expansion which has never ceased, and today Roaring Spring has one of the first-class paper mills of the country.

Beginning of Book Firm

I can still recall the excitement caused in Roaring Spring and throughout that section of Pennsylvania, when George W. Cross appeared in the town and, in connection with the paper mill management, started the erection of the Roaring Spring Blank Book Company original plant, which was afterwards destroyed by fire. The present plant which succeeded it, is one of the largest blank book factories in the country.

This has been a potent factor in the prosperity of Roaring Spring and vicinity. Mr. Wike was always interested in the Blank Book factory and his mechanical genius was a large factor in its success. After Mr. Cross faded from the factory, the management of the Blank Book company was intrusted to Dr. A. L. Garver, to whose untiring skill and enterprise is very largely due its success.

The Feight Brothers, Emanuel, who took charge of the Bare Milling Company and expanded it to its greatest height, and William, who was responsible for the founding and prosperity of the Roaring Spring Planing Mill and for the manner in which they worked for the betterment of the business interest of the town. They were both fine business men and did much to secure the business future of the town.

Sidewalk Crusade Launched

During my term as burgess, which did not even pay the mythical "dollar a year" salary, I met with many amusing adventures. The town council passed an ordinance requiring every one to start the erection of walks

of stone, brick, or wood within 30 days, otherwise the burgess was directed to have it done by contract and enter a lien on the property of the delinquent with 20 per cent added for failure to comply with the law.

Of course, there were a number of persons who were not financially able to make much of an effort to comply with the borough ordinance.

I decided that if it was necessary to set an example, I would select for this purpose a person able to comply but who refused to do so. Such a person proved to be one of the most prominent citizens of the town, one holding a borough office, and a position of responsibility in the county.

One day before the expiration of the 30 days I called his attention to the fact that he had not made any effort to comply to which he replied: "These borough ordinances do not amount to much," and passed on.

I then went to a carpenter, and instructed him to take measurements for a first class boardwalk, in front of this person's property, that is, his largest property; he owned a number in the town.

Instructed to Put Walk Down

It amounted to about one hundred feet and the carpenter made out an estimate and I told him that if the work was not started by midnight of the next day, that he should start at 4 o'clock in the morning with all the men he could use in order to get the work finished as quickly as possible. The owner lived about a block away from the property where the boardwalk was being built.

When the time arrived, the carpenter with a big force of men made the proper excavations, laid the timbers, and by 9 o'clock the boardwalk was finished. I felt like giving it a coat of paint, but was not certain whether the council would uphold me in doing so.

The citizen, whose boardwalk we

had built, had gone to Hollidaysburg on the 5 o'clock train and did not learn of what we had done until he returned on the afternoon train, when his entire family, plus most of the people of the town who were not at work, or sick in bed, were at the station to meet him. His son was there with a buggy, and took him over to the place.

In about 15 minutes he was back at my office, and I received the worst tongue-lashing that any person ever got on any occasion. When he had run out of breath, I merely replied, "That is just the start; you have four or five other properties, in front of which we will also lay boardwalks if you do not do it yourself. Get busy."

He left the office in a fury, but returned the next day and apologized and we were good friends ever after.

Keg of Beer Saturday Night

As is well known Roaring Spring has always been officially a dry town but not actually so. During the most of the time that I lived in the town there were a number of persons who got their kegs of beer every Saturday night, and the day before holidays.

As a rule these people took their beer out into the woods and never caused the borough officials any trouble, as they knew that Peter W. France, the high constable, would not allow any disturbance. The exception to the above were four brothers who, after drinking their beer would come to town about 9 or 10 o'clock, and start to "whoop it up!"

Peter France came to me and said: "Sam, let us make an example of these boys and probably it will cure the trouble?"

I told him that the next time they made any trouble, when drunk, to put them in the lock-up, feed them over Sunday, and bring them to my office Monday morning; but, if they insisted on a hearing to notify them that you would take them to Hollidaysburg jail, and bring them from there to my office on Monday.

The next Saturday night they performed worse than ever before, and about 10 o'clock Peter France locked them up. They were so well soaked that they hardly realized where they were, but the next morning when Peter France went to the lockup, they were very belligerent; demanded an immediate hearing, and threatened all kinds of things to everyone responsible for their being locked up.

Told to "Sit Tight"

Mr. France came to see me, and I told him to "sit tight," and about 10 o'clock the father of these boys, who was very much of a Christian gentleman, came to me and begged me to let them out and he would see that they would come for a hearing Monday morning.

I did so, and at 10 o'clock Monday morning the four boys and their father were there, very repentant, and they took the pledge not to drink any more and all became good citizens of the town, and we had very little trouble during the remainder of my term as burgess.

Reminiscences By Mrs. Mary Miller

To this day Mrs. Mary Ann Thatcher Miller, of Christian street, Martinsburg, can hardly repress a chill tingling of the spine when she thinks of the cold winters following the Civil War.

Near East Waterford, Juniata county, where she was born and spent her early girlhood, the colonial stone farm house in which her family lived gave a good representation of the Arctic zone all winter. Not that the Thatcher-

er dwelling was colder than any other country house of the period. Far from it. It was because the fire places and wood burning stoves in vogue in those days were such a woefully inadequate heating apparatus.

Father Daniel Thatcher and his sons valiantly heaped wood on the fire from their ample supply but the flames, merrily roaring up the chimney, carried most of the heat outside. Consequently it was comfortable only in close proximity to the fire. The wide hall and most of the bedrooms upstairs were beyond the reach of the warmth from crackling wood fires.

That is the reason why Mary Ann and her sisters spent their evenings industriously knitting the yarn Mother Thatcher spun from the wool of their own sheep. Woolen stockings, mittens and mufflers were absolute necessities for out-of-doors wear and, even in the house, the girls, healthy and active as they were, would have been uncomfortable if they had not been dressed in heavy flannels and quilted petticoats.

Were Forced To Brave Cold

It was warm under the feather ticks and fleecy comforts in bed but it took real courage to scamper off upstairs and brave the temperature of an unheated sleeping room. Getting up in the morning equally was a test of determination. It was no fun to jump out from under the good warm covers to contact the cold floor with bare feet.

Had the girls played a game of make-believe by saying "I wish I were in Florida," or "No, I wish Florida were right here in our own home," Father Daniel Thatcher quite likely would have warned them against such sacrilegious ideas. Girls, he would have said, had better things to do than wasting time in foolish wishing.

They studied in their geographies about the fascinating southland where sunshine and flowers offered their de-

lights the year around, but Florida was Florida and Pennsylvania was Pennsylvania and never could they be the same. Hence Florida weather in the winter was an impossibility in the keystone state.

Had some one told Mary Ann Thatcher at that time that she would live to enjoy the comfort of Florida heat in her home in the dead of northern winters with never a fire in sight, she would have declared that she was too big a girl to believe in fairy tales.

Dreams Are Realized

However, it has come true nevertheless. In the house on Christian street where she resides with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. May, they have a furnace equipped with a stoker which automatically regulates the heat at any desired temperature. So you see, as Mrs. Miller remarked, their house is "warm as Florida" all winter.

In their childhood games of "Supposing," she never could have imagined the wonders that would come to pass. The commonplaces today would have been thought of as the manifestations of magic. Turning darkness into day by pressing a button on the wall; music from Canada, Chicago, California or any other part of the world taken off the air by manipulating a radio switch; ships that sail in the sky and vehicles that race over the highways without any visible power, all these in the Eighteen Sixties would have seemed like the forbidden fruits of sorcery.

But Mrs. Miller has been blessed with the privilege of having seen them all ushered in. The fat dip and candle have given place to the electric light; the smoky, sputtering lantern to the flashlight; the buggy to the automobile; the kite to the airplane; the music box to the radio, yet, of them all, she says, the stoker furnace is to her the most wonderful.

Another manifestation of modern times Mrs. Miller finds hard to understand is the universal pursuit of pleasure by Young America. The young people of today, it seems to her, work as hard at amusing themselves, as the old-timers did in making their living. Of course, she explains, fashions in amusement change.

Amusements Change With Times

The complicated structure of society now-a-days apparently demands a corresponding diversity of entertainment. The movies, roller skating, sports, parties, dancing, rushing here and there after everything that offers a new thrill, is contrary to her strict upbringing and to her own manner of life.

In her girlhood, few inventions had alleviated hard labor. The comforts of life could be had only at the price of endless hours of hard work. A Sunday school picnic was the most important social gathering of the whole year. The church was the center of community life. Here, the people not only met to worship God, but to enjoy the fellowship of one another.

Daniel Thatcher and his wife were Presbyterians. They not only rigidly kept the Sabbath but they adhered to the tenets of their faith all the other days of the week. The discipline in the home had so influenced the young people from the cradle that they had no desire to kick across the traces, as the saying is.

Their pleasures were simple. Perhaps because of the mutual distress imposed by the Civil War, neighborhood folks enjoyed a closer intimacy than today. They helped one another in their work, their friendliness and good will turning the toil into frolic. When word was passed around that some one in the neighborhood was sick, Mother Thatcher packed a basket with home remedies and delicacies from the larder and either she or one

of the older girls was off to help wait on the afflicted one.

Such baking, stewing and roasting as went on before a Sunday school picnic! Big baskets were filled with food. At the noon hour the contents were unpacked and laid on a cloth spread on the ground. Ants and bugs came to dinner uninvited but who cared? Appetites were good and all were in a mood for fun. Speeches were listened to, songs were sung, the band played and a good time was had by all.

Of German Irish Ancestry

Yes, life was simple and wholesome. People were busy, their time too well employed to study out new ways to indulge desire for pleasure.

Mrs. Miller is a daughter of Daniel and Sarah Jane (Loudon) Thatcher, the marriage being one of those German-Irish extraction unions that were models of martial happiness in early Pennsylvania history. She was born July 16, 1850. Therefore you see she is past eighty-seven. But, seeing her, it is hard to believe. Except for rheumatism in the feet, which makes it hard for her to get around, this gentle-spoken lady has been touched lightly by her years.

Her hearing is normal and her eyesight fairly good. It is a pleasure to talk with her. Although she had seven brothers and sisters, namely, Jonas, Elizabeth (Mrs. Abram Roland), Sarah Katherine (Mrs. Ross Robinson), of Shade Gap, Solomon, Albert, Ella (Mrs. James Murphy) of Shendoah, Iowa, and Joseph, they are all dead but Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Murphy.

When Mrs. Miller was nineteen, Auntie Lydia Thatcher, wife of Henry Thatcher, well known merchant of Martinsburg, sent for the girl to come to live with her. Auntie's last daughter was about to be married, therefore, craving young companionship in the home, she asked Mother

Thatcher to spare Mary Ann to make her home with the Henry Thatchers.

Martinsburg was a boom town in 1869.

The demand for iron to be used for artillery, which had given such great impetus to the local ore banks and furnaces during the war, was sustained in the post war period by orders for metal to be manufactured into rails for the railroads which sprang up all over the country with mushroom growth and which precipitated the panic of 1873.

So we see that at Mary Ann Thatcher's advent in the town, she had come to a busy place. It was the age when a woman's glory was her long hair and a man's fortune was his horses. Horses and their lowly cousin, the long-eared mule, were the sole motive power on the turnpikes leading through town. The beat of hooves fell on the ear almost as continuously as the whir and, alas all too frequently the rattle, of automobiles nowadays.

Long lines of hitching racks bordered the curb in front of the multitudinous business places. Stores—general merchandise, hardware, drug and the like—tin shop, cab shop, foundry, black smith shop, tannery, livery stable, brick yard, Grandmammy Koontz's bake shop, the weaver shop, wagon and buggy factory, clock and watch repair shop, made Martinsburg a hive of industry.

The pedestrian walking along the streets, no matter in which direction he turned his steps, scarcely could get out of ear-shot of the clangor and hum of men at work. Nor did scarcely any length of time elapse that he would not see traffic going by. A succession of farm wagons, huckster wagons and the aristocrats of the road, buggies, surreys and phaetons, stopped by the hitching rails or kept going through on long treks to or from market or on pleasure jaunts.

The display of horses, from Kentucky thoroughbreds down to the sturdy native farm stock, today would excite as much attention as a state fair.

Carried Mail By Horseback

On the corner where the C. A. Hershberger garage is, Levi Miller conducted a flourishing blacksmith shop. His son Jeremiah, who even then gave promise of the energy and business ability which later was to make him one of the most prominent men in the history of the town, carried mail by horseback over the route through Loysburg Gap and back by way of Woodcock valley and the Liberty turnpike across Tussey mountain. That would be a long trip even today by motor. One can imagine how exhausting and tedious it was by horseback. But the young man never counted drawbacks. When he had a job to do he went right ahead and did it.

Later he drove the mail coach, more familiarly spoken of as the hack by local folks. The hack, being owned by his father, the young man therefore was in the employ of Blacksmith Levi Miller. The run was made daily, except Sunday, between Martinsburg and Hollidaysburg. Strictly speaking the promotion may not have meant less work, considering the time required to cover the route, but Jerry was convinced the new job was a lot more interesting.

He knew who was going to Pittsburgh or other places to visit or on business. The trips were the medium for the exchange of local news and once his passengers were two young elopers. They both were close friends of his and there was absolutely no reason for parental objections to the match. So he took them on their way enroute to Pittsburgh as far as Hollidaysburg. Well, the marriage turned out most happily and for many years Mr. Miller and the parties concerned joked together about the run-away.

Married New Year's Day

Mary Ann Thatcher and Jerry Miller became acquainted. The acquaintance progressed until it led to their marriage on New Year's Day, 1876. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Gibson, of the Presbyterian church, in the long parlor of Uncle Andy Thatcher's home on the northeast corner of the diamond. The former Thatcher parlor, scene of the wedding, is now the W. P. Geist lunch room, with the exception that a partition has been built dividing the room which, when it did duty as the Thatcher family parlor, occupied the entire length of the house.

The bride, as she stood by the side of her affianced husband in the presence of the invited guests, was dressed in gray silk poplin made with tight basque and draped skirt in accordance with the mode of the period. The spectators agreed that she looked pretty and becomingly modest.

After the wedding festivities were over, the happy couple went on their honeymoon to the bride's parental home at East Waterford. Mr. Miller returned home in a few days but his bride remained with her family until Spring. They had arranged to move into the house on North Market street now occupied by George Kurtz and his family, but they were unable to get possession until Martin Bonner, the tenant at that time, would move out in the Spring.

Adopted Strict Code

They transplanted the same strict discipline in their new home to which both Mr. and Mrs. Miller were accustomed under their parental roof-trees. They lived the code they professed. No work was done on Sunday that could be dispensed with. They went to church and Sunday school and any other service that might be held.

At home they read the Bible, catechism or church papers. No secular reading was allowed, novels and light literature especially being considered

beyond the pale. Yes, the Jerry Millers were straight-laced but not straight-faced because they enjoyed laughter and congenial companionship with the best of them.

Resided ... Henrietta

Mr. Miller followed plastering and contracting for several years until he took up railroading. Serving as a fireman on the Morrisons Cove branch he moved to the "red row" in Henrietta. The Millers liked Henrietta, especially the children, Clarence and Bertha, who by this time were big enough to be playmates. Clarence liked to pull little sister up and down the road in his red wagon, nevertheless avoiding going close to the ore holes, which fearful pits held all sorts of terrors for toddlers. On Mother's say-so, which was the best authority in the world, the ore holes were dangerous, therefore Clarence protected his sister like a little soldier.

Discovering that promotion to engineer was barred because he was color blind, Mr. Miller resigned in favor of something that offered better opportunities for the future. He moved back to Martinsburg with his family and engaged in contracting and the coal business.

Martinsburg has never had an 8 o'clock curfew law. Jeremiah Miller's adolescent sons, however, were well aware that Dad had one in regular operation.

That hour was set as the dead line for their return home on their evenings out. At the stroke of eight, in the event that none of the boys had made a more or less breathless entrance after running all the way, Mr. Miller took off his house slippers, donned his walking shoes and went in search of the youngsters in order to escort them home.

You can imagine the embarrassment that was to a good sized chunk of a boy. Naturally there was little necessity for its happening more than

once. Clarence, Carl, Nevin and Harry Miller, knew that their father meant what he said one hundred per cent of the time.

No was no, without compromise or wavering. Nevertheless he was just about as jolly and entertaining as a juvenile could wish in an adult companion. His sons have none but happy recollections of him and a deep filial respect for his memory.

Megargee Livery Stable

Perhaps of all the many fascinating loafing places down town, the livery stable, located back of Eugene Sipes' gasoline service station, had been most sternly forbidden. It certainly was no place for impressionable lads to get first hand information on the moral code. Too many of the habitués put no restraint on the language they used.

Genial, bluff ruddy-faced Gus Megargee was the proprietor. The livery stable was a sort of side line to his chief vocation of horse dealer and drover. He knew horses as the rest of us know our right hands. Because he knew horse flesh so well, he treated his animals with kindness. When any of his customers brought in a horse too badly winded or showing welts from brutal lashing, Mr. Megargee blew the lid off and let the party know just what kind of a wretch he was.

As a rule, the men who hired horses did not abuse them. But on occasion, their good judgment blunted by liquor, the drivers ran the horses almost to death. In fact, in one instance at least, one of the animals was so exhausted it dropped dead after its return to the stable.

The livery stable nag must have had a pretty hard lot. Subject to all sorts and kinds of drivers and to all hours, it had a different master every day. One wonders at the power of habit. Trained to respond to pressure on the bit and the flick of the whip, the horse has lost sense of its superior

strength and tamely submits to misuse.

Mr. Megargee, his wife and two pretty daughters lived in a house situate on Penn street adjacent to the planing mill, which W. A. Bowers, the former owner, recently sold to Luther Johnson.

Smoking Was Forbidden

Smoking was another indiscretion on Mr. Miller's list of taboos for his boys. Since to budding youth smoking had all the allure of a manly art, Nevin Miller conceived the idea one day of proving himself eligible to the stature of manhood estate, by hieing himself behind Rev. F. A. Rupley's barn and rolling himself some corn silk cigars.

Lighting up, he succeeded in raising considerable smoke and fumes when to his great consternation, Daddy Rupley's head appeared above the closed half of the feeding entry door in front of which the young amateur smoker sat and hastily pocketed his makeshift cigar. Taking in the situation by sight and smell, Daddy proceeded to have some fun.

Very solicitously he inquired about Nevin's health, the health of his father and mother and talked about this and that. All the while the smoke curled up from Nevin's pocket denser and denser. Gradually igniting the cloth of his coat, the fire got hotter and hotter.

In time to avert a general conflagration, Daddy Rupley turned away and left the boy to put out the fire and go home with one telltale hole in his coat, which got him another warming up from his father.

Nevin's sisters needed no instructions about what to do with any paper back books they found hidden in his room or about the house. On the theory that it might be a dime novel or, that wickedest of all salacious literature, Jesse James, they burned it forthwith. Yes, indeed, in well regulated homes the exploits of Jesse

James, Diamond Dick and his like were not allowed inside the door.

A boy, who wished to regale his mind on such as that had to do it on the sly, unbeknown to his elders. I wonder what those good people would think of the wild and woolly westerns and the Frankenstein monsters the moving pictures offer for the stimulation of young minds today.

Parade Followed Election

The jolliest times Mrs. Miller recollects in Martinsburg were the victory parades following presidential elections. Men, women and children participated in the torch light parades that celebrated the victory of the political party of their choice. Such shouting, singing and joking! "Come on Jerry, show your colors, the paraders would call to Mr. Miller as they passed by.

Mr. Miller was a Democrat, but he was never too partisan to vote for the best man, regardless of party affiliation.

Not so, Uncle John Skyles. He stuck to his party through thick and thin.

His wife was just as consistent on the other side of the fence. During the victory parades, all the folks on the winning side set lights in the windows of their homes so that their houses were ablaze with illumination.

The losers, on the other hand, had their houses shrouded in darkness. No light, no sign of life about the place! At such times half of Uncle John Skyles' house was dark while the other half was lit up like a Fourth of July celebration. If his side won, he would light up one side of the house while his wife, in token of defeat, would maintain the other side dark as a tomb. Yet on all other subjects they heartily agreed.

My, that was a bad joke the time—was it Cleveland's or McKinley's election, Mrs. Miller does not recall—when the news came through that the wrong man was elected. Up went the lights, out came the marchers, only

to learn that the first report was all a mistake. The other side had won.

The townspeople were almost as much interested in Uncle John Skyles' automobile as in the political parades. You see it was one of the first in these parts. Everybody wanted to see the horseless carriage. It made a great clattering and spluttering but when it picked up speed and beat the best racing horse all hollow, well, the doom of the driving horse and the lively stable was sealed.

Purchased Set Of Dishes

China dishes are not likely to put you in mind of butter. Mrs. Miller has a set that was linked up in her mind with the Jersey cow they used to have. Bought primarily to supply the family needs, the cow gave a large surplus. At the insistence of some of her friends that they wanted some of her good butter, Mrs. Miller decided to sell what she did not need, telling Mr. Miller, meanwhile, that she was going to buy a set of china dishes with the proceeds. The idea so amused Mr. Miller that he poked fun at her. "Now," said Mrs. Miller, "I'll show you that I can."

And she did. She started buying a beautiful set of Haviland selected from open stock. However, the merchant closed the pattern before she had all the pieces, but she had enough to convince Mr. Miller that the joke was not all on his side. He admired the china as much as she did but he loved to jest about the "butter dishes."

There are so many pleasant things Mrs. Miller can recall during her long married life while she was a true helpmate to Mr. Miller in his business career. In fact, throughout her whole life the pleasant has preponderantly outweighed the disagreeable. Perhaps the well worn Bible which ever lies close at hand on the table by her arm chair contains the solution of her happy life.

Her children, friends and religious

interests fill her days with riches, in spite of the disability to which the crippled condition of her feet subjects her.

Mr. Miller died February 12, 1932. The following children were born to him and Mary Ann Thatcher Miller, named in the order of their birth: Clarence Festus Miller, employed in

the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Altoona; Bertha Lee, wife of J. Nevin May, Martinsburg; Carl Irvin Miller, a banker, Pittsburgh; Nevin Nicodemus Miller, hardware merchant, Tyrone; Mabel, wife of W. D. Miller, Tyrone; Harry Miller, associated in business with his brother Nevin, and Mary Edith, wife of Blair B. Hilleman, of Altoona.

Camerer and Martinsburg History Identical

A few weeks ago, while he was transacting some business at the Recorder's office in Hollidaysburg, the present writer asked Mr. James Camerer, familiarly known as Jimmie to his friends, how old he is. "Eighty," was his reply.

"How old was your sister, Mrs. Kochenderfer, who died recently?"

"She was eighty-eight," answered Mr. Camerer.

"And how old was your mother?" pursued the scribe.

"She was almost one hundred and one."

The recorder, attorneys and clerks busy at their respective tasks, looked up in amazement.

"Good gracious," declared one of the attorneys, "that's some family record for longevity."

"I should say so," retorted another, "that's a lot more years than any of us is likely to see."

Mr. Camerer, tall, erect, the picture of vigorous health, appearing much younger than the four score years to which he had confessed, smiled with tolerant amusement.

Home Owned by Five Generations

When one gets a slant at Mr. Camerer's background, it is befitting that the members of his family should live to a ripe old age. The home in which they were born and reared, situated immediately northeast of Martinsburg, has been in possession of the

family line for five generations. As a matter of fact, the history of the Camerer farm is identical with the history of Martinsburg.

Mr. Camerer's great-grandfather was none other than Honas, otherwise John Brumbaugh, who in 1792 purchased from John and William Penn, proprietaries of Pennsylvania, fifteen hundred acres of land. This vast tract comprised the present site of Martinsburg and more than a dozen farms now adjacent to the town on the east and west.

In the year 1799, Daniel Kammerer grandfather of James Camerer, the subject of this sketch, came to what is now Martinsburg and its vicinity. He was the son of Lutwig (Lewis) Kammerer, a native of the city of Worms in Germany, who had migrated to Baltimore about the year 1735, eventually settling in Washington county, Maryland, where he came into possession of a tract of six hundred acres of land, five hundred of which was in Maryland while the other hundred stretched across the Mason and Dixon line into Franklin county, in Pennsylvania.

Here south of State Line Lutwig built himself a mansion house of native stone, fortifying the floor of the story above the basement with great hand hewn logs laid tightly together to ward off attacks by the Indians; provided a cluster of log cabins for his negro slaves, and proceeded to en-

joy the comforts of the life of a prosperous southern planter.

The mansion house is still standing. A marble stone in the gable bears the date 1774 and the letters L. K., initials of the original owner. A source of income was a distillery in which Lutwig distilled whiskey from the grain grown on his spacious acres.

James Camerer and his brother Joseph visited this manor of their great-grandfather years ago. During the visit they learned many interesting stories pertaining to their family history which the present writer will endeavor to relate later on in this sketch.

Bought Estate In Maryland

Daniel Kammerer, son of Lutwig, married Margaret Brumbaugh, daughter of Honas or John Brumbaugh, who bought the Kammerer estate in Maryland and Franklin county, Pa., before his migration to Morrisons Cove. A few years following Honas Brumbaugh's purchase of the fifteen hundred acres in the Cove, Daniel Kammerer decided to join his father-in-law in the fertile "far west" clearing where he had made his home.

He therefore set out with his family, goods and live stock and \$1600 in gold and silver and followed the rough trail over the Seven Mountains, by way of the forts at Fort Loudon, Chamberburg and Bedford and thenceforth into the Cove either across Snake Spring mountain or through Loysburg Gap.

Bought Land In Cove

His father-in-law's domain looked so good to him that he bought seven hundred acres from him, receiving title by a deed dated November 1, 1799. Thus we can trace the Camerer farm by direct descent from Honas (John) Brumbaugh, Daniel Kammerer, James B. Kammerer, father of Jimmie and through Jimmy's sister Susannah (Mrs. William Wineland) to the present owner, her grandson, Jesse B. Wineland. Jimmy is the last one

bearing the Camerer name to own a part of the Brumbaugh grant of fifteen hundred acres. He still retains a couple of acres.

Felicia Hemans in her poem, *The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*, asks the question:—

"What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?"

and answers it:—

"They sought a faith's pure shrine!"

The Brumbaughs and Kammerers trudged through the almost trackless wilderness not because of religious persecution. Lord Calvert, the founder of Maryland and William Penn the gentle, peace loving Quaker owner of Pennsylvania, both had guaranteed freedom of faith and worship to the inhabitants of the two provinces for all time.

They sought homes. New lands untouched by woodsman or pioneer, whose soil bore proof of fertility that would produce abundant crops for themselves and their posterity. They were devout Dunkers or Brethren. Such was their religious conviction that wherever they reared their home, there they erected a shrine to Almighty God.

Built At Cannery Site

Honas Brumbaugh searching for rich land, well watered by springs of pure, clean, wholesome water, built his first house on the flat near the site of the present cannery. Later, presumably desiring a stronger spring, he moved to a second home which he built close to where the homestead buildings on the former Ross Hagey farm stand.

Daniel Kammerer, his son-in-law, erected his home in the vicinity of the farm house on the former Major Theophilis Snyder farm, recently purchased by Fred Drake. In 1815 John Stoner married Lydia Ann Brumbaugh, youngest daughter of Honas Brumbaugh, and half sister of

Mrs. Daniel Kammerer. Mr. Stoner built as his family residence the stone house on the Ross Hagey farm, now owned by Judge Marion D. Patterson.

These different families held divine services in one another's houses on the Sabbath day. Jimmie Camerer says he was told by his father that while Jimmy's uncle, John Kammerer was carrying benches from the Brumbaugh and Stoner homes to the Camerer house in preparation for the next day's meeting or preaching service at the Kammerer residence he saw a bear which reared up and looked at him over the bushes along the run in what is now the southern part of Martinsburg.

The story does not go on to relate what Uncle John did when Bre'r Bruin looked him in the face, but the supposition is that he took to his heels. At any rate he did not stare the brute out of countenance as Father Manelia did with the panther.

Father Manelia Preached At Homes

Reverend Manelia practiced the creed of the brotherhood of man. In the Catholic settlements in the Allegheny mountains he labored as a priest. In the protestant communities of Morrisons Cove he preached the Gospel without reference to doctrinal or denominational differences. He must have been a God fearing man, otherwise the Dunkard folks, quick to detect insincerity would not have listened to him.

Father Manelia was the first minister, according to Camerer family tradition, who preached at the Brumbaugh-Camerer-Stoner home meetings. Hailing from the region about Gallitzin, he wandered over the country following the trade of itinerant blacksmith and preaching.

The bond of mutual friendship and respect between the itinerant Catholic priest-blacksmith and the Dunkards was very close. He addressed them as Brethren and shepherded them as if they had been of like faith.

As the story was told to Mr. Camerer by his mother, Father Manelia came face to face with a panther on the mountain trail in the vicinity of Gallitzin spring. Being unarmed and knowing it would be fatal to move, the man stood his ground and locked eyes with the panther, resolved to stare the menacing beast down. They stood eyeing each other for some time until the panther slunk away as though it was ashamed or afraid.

However, when Father Manelia beat on his leather apron with his hands, the panther leaped right back in front of its human antagonist, this time its demeanor being more aggressive and blood thirsty. Again the priest caught the baleful glare of the beast and stared into its eyes unwaveringly. It took longer the second time to cow it, but eventually it slunk off nor did it further molest the wayfarer.

Two of the early Dunkard preachers, Yarick Brumbaugh, who came over from James Creek, and John Brumbaugh, who preached German and English, were forerunners of the long line of farmer preachers, who offered their services without recompense until paid pastors were employed. Jesse Spielman, a man of ready eloquence, moved to Indiana county to better his fortune. He wrote back such glowing accounts of the opportunities in his new place of abode that he induced Daniel and Samuel Camerer, cousins of Jimmie, to move there also.

Finding the promised land far short of expectations, they returned in a few years to Martinsburg, sadder and wiser and with their money gone. Jimmie's father, James and his brother, John Camerer, built a house on the east side of Wall street, opposite the Church of the Brethren in Martinsburg for the accommodation of the prodigals.

First Church In Martinsburg

This combination dwelling and

church was the first meeting house of the Church of the Brethren in Martinsburg. It was built in 1840 or thereabouts. James and John Camerer plastered the rafters of the top story of their brothers' house and fitted it up for a place of worship. James Camerer attended services there many times when he was a boy. The backs of the benches under the sloping eaves almost touched the ceiling.

Jimmie's father donated the ground for the first or frame church building, which was erected across the street from the Camerer home and church, in 1870. Jimmy and his brothers, Sammy and Joe, did most of the plastering of the present church as a contribution and Jimmie also donated two lots, so we see that he has followed in the footsteps of his fathers in furthering the cause of the church.

Skulking Indians fell upon the settlement on the Little Antietam Creek three miles east of Chambersburg. How many victims they may have scalped, leaving their bodies weltering in blood, the story as told by his kinsfolk to Jimmie Camerer, does not recount. However, the savages, fleeing to the fastness of the forest, carried away with them two little white captives.

They were little boys. One of them, six or seven years old, was John Horn, son of Yost Horn, and who was destined to be the father of Elizabeth Horn Camerer, Jimmie's mother.

The Indians took the little boys to the tribal hunting grounds in the Ohio territory far beyond the Ohio river. John Horn was assigned to or perhaps adopted by an old squaw, whose lodge it was his duty to keep supplied with meat, fish and pelts.

Accepted As Savage

Accepted as one of themselves, John was initiated into the savage lore pertaining to hunting, fishing and swimming. He became such an expert in these skills that he followed them all his life. Although he en-

gaged in farming, during his after life, he was not content to stay long in the same spot, but moved from place to place as better hunting beckoned him.

After six or seven years had passed, the Indian boys in their rough games, killed John's fellow captive. Thereafter loneliness and fear filled him with a longing to return to his father's home on the Little Antietam.

Pleading with his foster mother for leave to go, she at first refused. Moved by constant urging, she finally consented. Explaining directions, she told him of the big water, the wide Ohio, which barred his way unless he could cross by raft, canoe or swimming. She wanted him to travel ever toward the rising sun.

There was a certain number of mountains to cross. All water courses he should ford would be flowing down stream from the angle at which he approached them. Eventually he would reach a high hill. Here he should climb a tree and look eastward for the sign of smoke curling up from the habitations of his own people.

Taking the deer skin knap sack of provisions, the old squaw packed for him, the lad set forth through the wilderness to find the house of his father. He crossed the Ohio, climbed the mountains, forded the streams that flowed southward. Weary and almost famished he came to a hill that he thought must be the one the squaw had described as being adjacent to the little Antietam settlement.

He climbed a tan tree on the crest and sure enough, he looked down into the valley and saw smoke ascending. Whether it was white man's smoke or Indian's he could not tell. However, he made his way stealthily to the scene of the fire and found a camp of white hunters who took the boy to his home.

Returns To Father's Home

Some time after John's return home,

a party of Indians stopped at Yosh Horn's house enroute to the west. They had a captive white man whose hands were bound behind his back. On account of John's familiarity with their language and his friendly attitude, they asked his father Yosh to serve them food.

While the savages sat at the table greedily eating the victuals provided for them Yosh noticed that the white prisoner eyed the food ravenously. Pitying him he had John ask them whether they would not feed their prisoner. Thereupon they contemptuously threw scraps of food to him on the floor. The poor man, unable to loose his hands, got down on the floor and ate like a dog.

Jake Horn, one of John Horn's sons had a life almost as full of adventures as his father's. Jake had no experiences with Indians but he became badly entangled with the Rebels during the Civil War. As an interlude between strenuous campaigns and the murderous hail of bullets and shrapnel during battles, he was twice captured.

Soldier In Union Army

Jake was an uncle of Jimmie Camerer. A cousin of the latter Alexius Camerer, whom Martinsburg friends knew only by the name of Aley, also a Union soldier, shared some of Jake's worst encounters with the gray invaders from south of the Mason and Dixon line.

The first time Jake was taken prisoner he was put under guard in one of the Confederate makeshift prisons. Food was so scarce that the unhappy prisoners would have eaten anything at all that would have stayed the gnawing of their stomachs.

Coming across a hog hide that had been discarded by their captors and a few ears of corn that had been overlooked, Uncle Jake and his companions scraped the maggots off the hide and roasted it, and ate it together with the corn. He oftentimes

told afterwards that that meal tasted better than anything else he had ever eaten.

Uncle Jake, following an exchange of prisoners, found himself back in the Union army. While participating in the defense of a position at a tannery at the foot of Cemetery Ridge at the first day's battle of Gettysburg, he again was taken prisoner. Exchanged again, after a few days, he decided he had his fill of army life and deserted.

Took Refuge In The West

Thereupon he and Aley went west in search of peace and quiet. They landed in Missouri and later in Kansas in time to get into the thick of the border warfare which resulted in so many casualties that this area was nicknamed "the dark and bloody ground." Gangs of rough neck northern and southern sympathizers roamed over the country, asking those they met on which side they were.

In case the answer did not suit, a bullet ended the story right then and there. Aley used to tell Jimmie of coming to a cabin where they found the body of a man sitting bolt upright in bed with his throat slit from ear to ear. He evidently had made the wrong answer.

As if guerilla warfare was not enough trouble, the country was over run by the Jesse James and McChandless bandits. These merciless sharp shooters inspired greater terror than the self-constituted soldiers. While employed by their cousin Sam Soyster a saddler, of Leavenworth, Jake and Aley saw a party of armed riders, who the two men took to be the James gang, come up. The horsemen demanded of them, "Which side are you on?"

"Neither side, we're neutral," answered Aley and Jake.

The keen-eyed leader scrutinized them carefully and at last, remarking, "You look like honest men," then commanded, "We'll give you fifteen

minutes to get in that boat and get out of here."

Aley said afterwards, he and Jake got into the boat and proceeded to paddle across the stream in faster time than they ever moved before.

Jimmie himself got the west fever also. In 1883 he and his brother Sammy pulled up stakes and left for Omaha. There their services as plasterers were in much demand. New houses were going up all over the town and beyond on the surrounding prairie. Home builders were searching for plasterers with a fine tooth comb.

Jimmie went from one job to the other.

Homesick For Cove

The future looked rosy except for one thing. He got homesick. He says he was so homesick that he often thought to himself that he would be satisfied with the most desolate, God-forsaken spot in the barrens of Morrisons Cove if he only could once more set foot on home soil.

But he was determined to stick it out, in spite of 'heimweh.' He gave up plastering to accept a job of general man of all work with his cousin Sam Soyster, who had moved from Leavenworth to Sundance, Wyoming, situated on the Centennial prairie six miles out from Deadwood, scene of hold-ups and the place where Wild Bill Hickok, the last of the lightning trigger, hip-shooting men of the Jesse James ilk, was shot to death.

Deadwood, however, by this time had succumbed to the influence of law and order. The wild and woolly west was rapidly becoming tame and fully civilized. In spite of that the doings at Cousin Sam Soyster's saloon looked just a little off color to the Pennsylvania boy brought up in accordance with the strict tenets of a Dunkard home.

Gambling Was Popular

Sam was an expert poker player. During the late summer season when

the neighboring farmers took their hay or grain to market, they were in the habit of stopping at Sam's saloon to sit in at a game and have a couple of drinks. The game might last all night and anyone that could put Sam in the hole was just a little better than good.

Jimmie could see no sense in gambling with cards. He was kept pretty busy on the farm. Occasionally he was called on to tend bar but that was all in the day's work. A little excitement was raised one time when the farmers thereabouts formed a posse to run down a gang of horse thieves. Surrounding the cabin where the gang had holed up, the pursuers broke through the door and cried, "Hands up." They all put up their hands but Jim Swisher. He fell, rid-dled with shot.

Jimmie stopped more than once at the saloon where Wild Bill was killed, but that was as close as he ever got to the hold-up men that had made Deadwood notorious. He came back home in 1892. On his second and last trip to the west in 1912, it had lost all semblance to the rough and ready fashion of life which had been the way of Wyoming territory when he was a young man.

"Get on the band wagon," in the old days was more than a slang phrase. It meant climbing up on the wagon and going places. In other words, being in the social whirl.

The band was the center of social activity in every town. Parties, serenadings, picnics, festivals fell flat unless the trumpets, slide trombones, the bass horn, drum and cymbals and the boys in gold braided uniform were there to set free the spirit of merriment.

Jimmie Camerer says the old Martinsburg cornet band was a crack musical organization. A Mr. Isenberg came up from his home at Mines to lead the players in regular weekly practice in the room which occupied

the entire floor above Court Sanders' drug store. Jimmie's brother Sammie and George Hoover, son of Blacksmith Dave Hoover, of near Millerstown, played the tenor trombones.

Band Was Popular

The services of the band were in popular demand, not only in the home town, but all over the Cove and in Altoona, where it was received always with cordial expressions of appreciation. The big Altoona shop picnics, that used to come annually to Snyder's grove, gave a standing order to the band to play for them.

A serenade by the band was the climax of the wedding festivities of virtually every popular young couple in town and the surrounding district. But perhaps the liveliest function of the musicians was to lead the political parades. Voters of fifty years ago took their politics seriously. They were close enough to the partisan passions which rent the nation into the two armed factions of the Civil War, to feel the embers of past bitterness revive.

Therefore the winning party after each presidential election staged a victory parade. Not infrequently the young bloods throughout the Cove, cut down the tallest tree they could find in the woods and raised it for a flag pole in their several communities. Well known speakers and band music injected the proper degree of enthusiasm in the event.

Flag Pole Was Burned

Following the first election of Grover Cleveland, the local Democrats erected a flag pole on a hill on the Daniel Metzker farm at Middletown. The towering pole was the source of great pride to Mr. Metzker, who was a stiff-necked Democrat. It was a fine symbol of Democracy's vanquishing of the G. O. P., but it flaunted its glory but three days. At the end of that time, the Republicans, under cover of darkness bored it down.

In telling about this sad ending of

the flagpole, Mr. Metzker declared that, "It fell towards Washington." The old gentleman probably thought that, in falling in that particular direction, the pole made an abject apology to the White House.

While no victory flag pole ever was raised in the limits of Martinsburg borough in the memory of Mr. Camerer, it was quite the usual thing to burn an effigy of the defeated presidential candidate in high bon fires which were lit on the ball grounds adjacent to the present Shaffer Stores Co. mill, formerly the Klepser flour mill.

The Rutherford B. Hayes — Samuel J. Tilden campaign in 1876 aroused a furore that had Martinsburg, as well as the rest of the country by the ears. Although Tilden seemed to have been the voters' choice, the result of the election was in dispute until it was settled in favor of Hayes by the electoral commission, formed by Act of Congress and consisting of five senators, five representatives and five justices of the supreme court. The Republican leading lights decided to celebrate Hays' narrow victory by burning Tilden in effigy.

Effigy Made By Sipes

Inviting Robert Sipes, brother of Eugene Sipes, to lend his skill as an artist, the Republicans put an elaborate plan into execution. Robert Sipes had acquired a well known reputation as a marble cutter by reason of his business of selling and engraving tombstones and monuments.

A canvas coffin in the approved fashion, wide at the head and tapering at the foot, had been constructed. Mr. Sipes decorated the coffin with drawings of black crows. Equipped with a light inside in order to throw the crows in relief, a procession marched down East Allegheny street to consign Tilden's coffin to the flames on the ball grounds.

The cheering, jubilant paraders got as far as the diamond when the march

was interrupted by a band of Democrats from Henrietta. The Leather Cracker champions waded in and started to clean up the pall bearers. After some lusty socks on eyes and jaws were exchanged, the invaders were overpowered by numbers, and the parade reformed, bearing the rescued coffin aloft, and, without further mishap, finally burned Tilden.

Entertainment For Youth

However, much youthful America may enjoy itself in these swiftly moving times, Mr. Camerer is convinced that the young folks do not have as much fun as they had in his day.

He is sure nothing could compare with the dances they used to have in Martinsburg when Charlie Clabaugh and Mart Bonner fiddled and the latter called the figures. Mr. Bonner, in addition to being a ventriloquist of parts, was an incomparable mimic. He could imitate to perfection the voice of anybody around.

Therefore, likely as not, he would call the dance in a variety of voices. The phenomenon of hearing the familiar tones of the minister or some pillar of the church, whose condemnation of dancing was a matter of common knowledge, moved the dancers to excruciating mirth.

He was always willing to oblige requests for imitations of folks whose peculiarities of speech were jested about by the wags in the community.

His aptness at mimicking set in train prodigious attempts by young fellows to follow suite, but none of them could compare with Mart Bonner, who was perhaps the best all around clown Martinsburg ever produced.

Looking eastward from the Spring Hope cemetery in Martinsburg the eye drinks in the wide level expanse of fertile land which comprised the Daniel Kammerer tract of seven hundred acres. The productiveness of this valuable farm land, inspires a sense of respect for the pioneer whose judgment of soil was so good.

The southern boundary of the tract was the lane leading to the Louis Smith farm buildings. On the east it extended as far as the site of the old Meeneest (Mennonite) church on the road leading to Millerstown. Included in this area is that section of Martinsburg lying east of Locust and Market streets and the airport, as well as the following farms: The Blake and Straesser tracts, the Jesse Wineland, H. R. Kagarise, John Soltenberger, W. E. Hinton, Fred Drake, Clair Weir and W. H. Keiper farms.

At our feet is a row of heard stones marking the last resting place of Daniel Kammerer, his wife, Margaret Brumbaugh Kammerer, and various of their progeny. The inscription on the old pioneer's tomb stone states that Daniel Camerer was born in 1760 and died in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Visits Birthplace In Germany

The name is spelled with a "C" on the head stone, although the original spelling was Kammerer, the version which Jimmie Camerer prefers. Some years ago Jimmie's nephew, Dr. Clarence Kochenderfer of Kent, Ohio, who was then an attache of the American legation at Beirut, Syria, discovered the proper spelling while he toured Europe. Visiting the birthplace of his great-great-grandfather, Ludwig Kammerer at Worms, Germany, he found that the main street of the town is named Kammerer street, thus attesting to the ancient and distinguished lineage of his family.

It requires considerable drawing on the imagination to reconstruct the scene which greeted Daniel Kammerer when he first brought his family to settle in the wilderness. A few log cabins had been built in scattered clearings. Close to the cemetery toward the north stand the present farm buildings which succeeded the cabin erected by Daniel Kammerer.

He first built his home near the spring, but finding the location too

swampy, he later built a log house, 30 by 30 feet on higher ground, approximately on the spot where the present buildings stand. After the time that his sons could relieve him of the manual labor on the farm, he retired to the brick house on South Market street now owned by Mrs. Daniel Brown, where he spent his last years.

As one stands by the Kammerer row of graves in this beautiful City of the Dead and muses on the imprint on local history made by the dead at our feet, the realization of the contrast of the present with the simple manner of life in pioneer days is given by the hum of an aeroplane which wings its way through the skies overhead. Yet a rabbit, flushed from its hidden nest in the matted grass by the intruder's foot steps turns our thoughts to the tenacity with which the frontier battled the encroachment of civilization.

Camerers Lay Out Cemetery

The cemetery was laid out by Grandfather Daniel Camerer evidently shortly after he bought the seven hundred acres from his father-in-law, Honas Brumbaugh. No one knows who was the first person to be buried here. Jimmie Camerer remembers of seeing a head stone of native lime stone inscribed with the date 1799.

No name or initials had escaped the elements to identify the deceased, but he surmises that it was the slave boy Daniel Kammerer had brought with him from Maryland. The young negro survived the rigors of our northern climate but a few years.

So far as Jimmie knows, this boy and Aunt Emmy, a colored woman owned by the family of Dr. Samuel M. Royer, were the only members of the colored race kept in slavery in Martinsburg. Aunt Emmy lived many years beyond her usefulness but the Royer folks treated her with great kindness although in later life she was bowed almost double with rheu-

matism and spent her days sitting in a chair.

Children Inherit Estate

Following Daniel Kammerer's death in 1835 his real estate descended by inheritance to his children. As was mentioned before, Jesse Spielman, who had married one of the daughters of Daniel Kammerer, and who had bought the Blake tract adjoining the Kammerer tract on the northwest, sold off and moved to Taylorville in Indiana county.

Through his glowing representations about the superior qualifications of Indiana county, Mr. Spielman induced Daniel and Samuel Camerer, the latter married to Katherine Klepser, to sell their share of their father's land, and they also went to Indiana county, only to learn by bitter experience that they had made a mistake. That is how it came about that three of the second generation of the clan disposed of their share of the original seven hundred acres.

James Camerer, Jimmie's father, to whom had been devised the present Wineland farm, began the construction of the farm house in 1840. He and his brother John built it over a space of three years, during which two different annexes were added to the original structure. The last story and a half annex was built for the accommodation of their sister Peggy (Margaret) who was a helpless paralytic for many years.

Obtains Huge Clock

Uncle John discovered in one instance that the ceiling might have been raised higher. He traded off two acres of land for a grandfather's clock, which undoubtedly was the largest sized clock ever to have been seen in these parts. It was so high that Uncle Johnny was obliged to cut a hole in the ceiling in order to set it upright. His friends all joked about this Goliath of a clock. Tom Campbell bought it at the sale following Uncle Johnny's death.

When some one facetiously asked him what he wanted with it he answered that he bought it for a coffin. However, he sold it to Jeweler Clabaugh in whose shop it continued to tick off the march of time with reliable accuracy. Jimmie does not recall what finally became of the old clock.

If the walls of the Camerer house could speak, they could relate many stirring tales but none freighted with more drama than the story of the home coming of John Horn and Alex Kammerer from the Union army.

Mention has been made that after the battle of Gettysburg, John Horn, tired of being captured and starved by rebels, left for home. He in company with Aley Camerer, footed it towards Martinsburg. On the evening of their arrival at the James Camerer home, Jacob Ake, who had married Susannah Camerer, a sister of James, also dropped in for a visit.

Jacob Ake had been raised to the rank of provost marshal. The lusty tales of warfare and hardships exchanged by the soldiers so unexpectedly met, must have kept the listeners enthralled. As told in their Pennsylvania German mother tongue, which lends itself to imagery and vivid description so much more readily than English, the horrors of war were brought into the shelter of that quiet farm house with stark realism.

Owned Memorial Park Tract

David Camerer and his brother John received as their share of their father Daniel's estate, the tract that afterward was sold to a man named Belch who in turn sold it to Major Theophilus Snyder. The Memorial Park grove was a part of this farm.

We hear a great deal now-a-days about the need of soil conservation. Daniel Kammerer knew more about care of soil than you could write in a book. For instance, the park grove formed a part of a long strip of woodland which extended through

the length of the old gentleman's estate. To the end of his days, he always warned that the trees should never be cut. The reason was that the land they grew on was too poor and flinty to farm.

It was in this strip of woods that the last bear was shot in Martinsburg. It was shot by Levi Smouse. That was when Jimmie was eight years old, seventy-two years ago.

Louis Camerer's land adjoined David's and John's. He built the log house for his home, which was next door to the Methodist church and which C. A. Hershberger tore down when he built his garage.

Operated First Brewery

David Camerer operated the first brewery in Martinsburg. He built it where the old steam mill used to stand, near Bloom's tannery, adjacent to John Straesser's cobbler shop on Locust street. They must have made good beer because the business continued throughout a considerable period. The last Martinsburg brewery was located in the building now occupied by Frank Burns straight across the street from Dilling's store. The last brewer was Jimmie's first cousin, Samuel Camerer.

The brewery was bought by the Odd Fellows and thereafter was used as the first Odd Fellows' hall in the town. Billy Chaplain, the barber, lived in the first floor of the building for years. He used to say that he could have gone through the entire ritual by heart from having overheard it so often from his bedroom in which, the doings overhead, disturbed his repose on Odd Fellows night.

Jimmie Camerer throws an interesting side light on the burning of Chambersburg during the Civil War. He was told by a relative in Maryland that it was burned in revenge because the Union army burned the fine residence of the Confederate leaders at a health resort at Sulphur Springs somewhere in northern Vir-

ginia.

Jimmie is the last of his generation of Camerers. Of a family of eight, all have passed away but him. The deceased sisters and brothers were Sarah (Mrs. Rhinehart Stayer), Susannah (Mrs. William Wineland), Mary (Mrs. George Replogle), Elizabeth (Mrs. Jacob Kochenderfer), Samuel, Joseph and Jane (Mrs. Levi Miller).

Juvenile students of American history invariably are intrigued by the story of Deborah Read's first sight of her future husband, Benjamin Franklin. The seventeen year old Franklin, newly landed in Philadelphia following his run-away from his home and printer's apprenticeship in Boston, was strolling up Market street in the Quaker City, with his pockets stuffed with stockings and shirts and a loaf of bread under each arm, while munching a third which he held in his hands, and gazing about at the sights out a comical figure. In fact he looked so ludicrous that the young lady standing in the doorway of her father's residence laughed at the gawky stranger.

Apparently Cupid also was moved to laughter as he fixed an arrow in his bow. At any rate, in after years Franklin and Debby were married, and lived happily together.

First Sees Future Wife

Young Doctor Peter Fahrney, making his professional rounds, saw a girl standing at a tub in her parental dooryard blithely doing the family washing. She was a pretty, blue-eyed lass. She made such a pleasing picture in the eyes of the broad-shouldered young physician passing by that he sought her acquaintance.

As told to Jimmie Camerer by his sisters, such were the romantic circumstances which led to the marriage of Dr. Fahrney and Mary Camerer. The buxom girl so gaily washing the clothes was Jimmie's first cousin. She was one of the daughters of his Uncle Sammy Camerer. Uncle Sammy at

that time lived along the old Liberty turnpike on the farm east of Martinsburg now the John Sollenberger farm.

Dr. Fahrney rode by on his way from his home in Fredericksburg to Martinsburg. The struggling young physician was establishing quite an extensive practice during Civil War days by virtue of his own efficiency, as well as by the reputation of an herb medicine. The formula for this remedy had been worked out by Dr. Fahrney's father, who followed his profession in Maryland.

As Jimmie recalls, young Dr. Fahrney has no intention of manufacturing his now world famous panacea until induced to do so through the intervention of his wife's sister, Hannah Mrs. George Puderbaugh.

Encouraged by the response of the local folks to the curative properties of this homemade remedy, Dr. Fahrney left the Cove and went with his bride to Chicago, where he commenced the manufacture of the medicine, which in course of time raised his bank account to millionaire rating.

From Poverty To Riches

So here we have another story in which the history of America is so prolific of self-made men, whose initiative and industry carved careers that exemplifies the favorite story book theme, "from poverty to riches." In his rapid climb to the top of the ladder, Dr. Fahrney retained the affable, unassuming manner which made him popular in all strata of society.

Jimmie likes to tell of his meeting with Dr. Fahrney at a Camerer family reunion held at the old homestead northeast of Martinsburg. Curious to know what a millionaire looked like at close range, Jimmie observed Dr. Fahrney closely. He saw a rather short, stocky gentleman of perhaps two hundred pounds in weight, whose pleasant open countenance invited confidence.

In the course of their conversation Jimmie was emboldened to remark, "Doctor, by all accounts you have amassed a large fortune. I have heard it said it is estimated at a million dollars. Is that true?"

"Well," answered Dr. Fahrney with a smile, "I am rated at two million and a half."

Thus without the least show of offense at the personal nature of the

query, he gave his Dunn and Bradstreet rating.

In a survey of the wide-spreading Camerer family tree, even as superficial as the foregoing, we see that in its ramifications it reaches into high places. The clan which perpetuated the family name in the main street of the city of Worms in Alsace-Lorraine has contributed much to the well-being of America, the country of their adoption.

(THE END)

